

CHATELAIN

The Canadian Home Journal

FEBRUARY 1959

15 CENTS



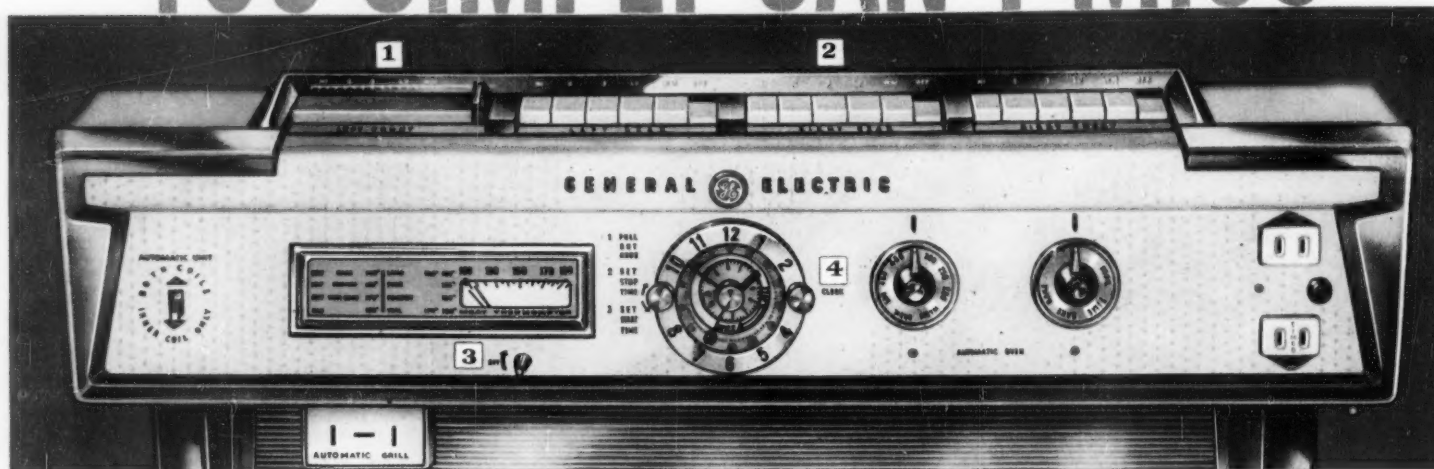
The Queen's job, seen by Lord Altrincham
How good—or bad—are children's TV shows?

Two new exciting fiction stories

50 prize-winning Canadian family recipes



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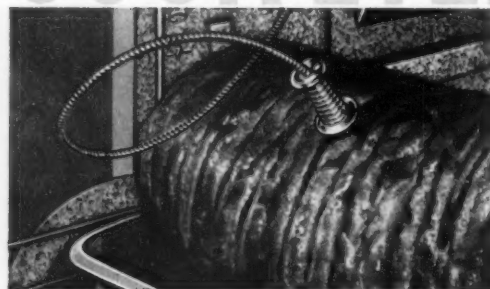
2.—*General Electric Pushbutton Controls* are conveniently located on the rear-mounted control panel—out of children's reach. There are five heats—from simmer to high—for each element. And, there's a colored light at the

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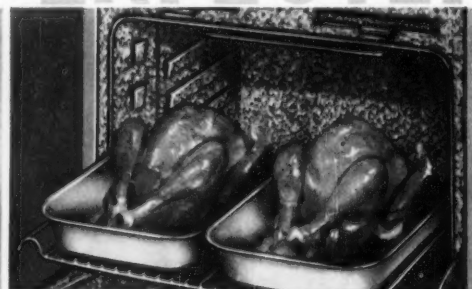
COOK EVERYTHING PERFECTLY



Exclusive G-E Meat Thermometer completely eliminates all the guess work from roasting meat. And so simple to use—just insert probe into the roast, set the dial for rare, medium, well done or in-between. When the roast is done *exactly* the way you like it, a buzzer sounds.



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CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, FEBRUARY 1959, Vol. 32, No. 2

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what's new



Edmonton author Sheila MacKay Russell

AT CHATELAINE

Beginning on page 29 is the first in a new series of fiction stories about an Alberta farm family—the Martins. The author is Sheila MacKay Russell, a Canadian who has written two best-selling novels. When we asked Mrs. Russell for some biographical notes she replied: "I'm definitely not one of those centaur types who can soar through

FEATURES

WHAT THE QUEEN'S JOB SHOULD BE Lord Altrincham 19
 HOW GOOD—OR BAD—ARE TV'S SHOWS FOR CHILDREN?
 Dorothy Sangster 20
 MY DAUGHTER WAS A "HOPELESS" CRIPPLE Janet Craig James 24
 HOW TO TRAVEL BY TRAIN Vivian Wilcox 84

FICTION

FLAVIA AND THE BEAUTIFUL PROFESSOR Anne H. Littlefield 22
 BITTER HARVEST Sheila MacKay Russell 29

HOMEMAKING/DECORATING

GOOD LIVING MOVES DOWNSTAIRS Barbara Reynolds 32
 FIFTY FAVORITE FAMILY RECIPES—Elaine Collett 47
 MEALS OF THE MONTH 60
 SHOPPING WITH CHATELAINE 74
 HOMEMAKER'S DIARY 83

FASHIONS/BEAUTY

HOW TO BUY A SWEATER Vivian Wilcox 14
 BEST BUYS FOR SPRING '59 Vivian Wilcox 26
 SIX STEPS TO PRETTIER HANDS Eveleen Dollery 35

NEWS/VIEWS

WHAT'S NEW IN THE ARTS Robert Fulford 2
 HERE'S HEALTH Lawrence Galton 6
 TEEN TEMPO Susan Cooper 12
 EDITORIAL 16
 THE LAST WORD IS YOURS 96

YOUR CHILD

HOW TO TREAT COLDS Elizabeth Chant Robertson MD 91

the roles of housewife, mother and part-time careerist and have energy left over for champing at the bit." A native Albertan, she grew up in Calgary, and graduated from the University of Alberta in public-health nursing. Her first best-selling novel, based on her nursing experience and called **A Lamp is Heavy**, appeared in 1950. It has since been published all over Europe and the British Commonwealth and made into a movie. Her second book, **The Living Earth**, became a best-seller in Canada and Britain. Married in 1947, she lives in Edmonton with her husband and four-year-old daughter who, she reports, misuses long words with the same enthusiasm as her mother did at the same age.

Fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox**, who chose our best buys for spring, page 26, believes passionately in what she preaches. Best buys, according to Vivian, are often either very expensive or very cheap. To illustrate her point she showed us a two-hundred-dollar Balenciaga coat. "Expensive, yes," she admitted, "but I've worn it four years and it still rates compliments." Her other illustration is a chemise—bought dirt cheap and worn to shreds while the style was at its peak. "But," she adds, "anything that gives you pleasure and serves you well is actually a good buy."

Continued on next page

"For busy...
but beautiful
hands

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says *Juliette*
homemaker and TV Star



"I can't risk dishpan hands on camera," says Juliette. "My hands lead a double-life, so I use Trushay for double protection... and I get it from every drop." Take a tip from your pet, Juliette, use her pet, Trushay... the rich, creamy lotion for quick, deep-down protection... absorbs instantly—not sticky.

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what's new CONTINUED

IN MATCHING PRINTS

Companion prints in opaque and sheer fabrics are news for spring and summer. Look for print dresses with blousons or coats of chiffon in the same print, for floral-patterned sateen swimsuits with matching voile beach coats. And yes, **two-piece swimsuits** are back again!



FOR SPRING BEAUTIES

With fashion emphasizing beige and blond, spring complexions call for the delicate **pink and fair** coloring of a Dresden beauty. One method—Arden's new "Pure Pink" and co-ordinated make-up.

IF YOU LIKE TO SEW

Good news for the **hard-to-fit**. With a new European method of pattern-drafting experienced sewers can create their own perfectly fitting patterns. With a special tape measure you simply measure bust and hip and then, using the tape and miniature patterns provided, draw your own sewing pattern on tissue paper. So far the Lutterloh "Golden Rule" and "Pattograms" are available in a looseleaf book with more than **200 basic patterns** and quarterly supplements. They're priced at \$12.95 and available in western Canada through Eva Jorgen Jensen, 328 East 26th Street, North Vancouver; in eastern Canada through International Fashion Studio, 410 Bloor Street East, Toronto.

what's new in the arts

By ROBERT FULFORD



WHAT THE CBC THINKS ABOUT YOU

After all these years (six of them) CBC television has finally broken down and confessed its true feelings about women. All that good intelligent material you've been watching on **Open House**? Only a smokescreen. The real truth is out, carried to us by the current program, **P.M. Party**, designed for afternoon (or housewife) viewing. The CBC obviously thinks: 1) Canadian women like really bad jokes; 2) Canadian women like to be treated by an emcee (**Gordie Tapp**, in this case) as if they were retarded six-year-olds; 3) Canadian women like to watch games played by a clutch of nice old ladies who have nothing better to do in the afternoon than join a studio audience; 4) Canadian women like to spend their time sitting in front of a television screen watching interviews with people who have nothing to say; 5) Canadian women, if they had the choice, would probably like nothing better than **Arthur Godfrey**.

Once in a while, over the last few years, I've turned on an American television station in the morning or afternoon, just to see what sort of thing they were producing. I've never failed to shudder at the horrors offered by the U. S. commercial networks to housewives. I could never have guessed that the CBC would eventually produce one of these things—and, more than that, would produce one lacking

what's new CONTINUED

even the slickness that redeems (partially, anyway) a few of the U. S. shows. Worst of all, Canada's contribution to this branch of culture doesn't even give away any money. Perhaps this is the most ironic aspect of all—a publicly owned corporation that retains its virtue even when it loses its sense of taste.



Aline B. Saarinen

Gordon Tapp

Gretchen Wyler

HAS CANADA ANY GOOD REALIST PAINTERS?

There's a curious fallacy about Canadian art that never ceases to annoy me. "Abstract art is the fashion," goes the complaint, which is voiced by everybody from housewives to professors. "No good Canadian artists paint *subjects* anymore." This could hardly be farther from the truth: there is real vitality and strength in realistic painting in Canada today, and the realistic painters find wide acceptance both in galleries and homes. There is, for instance, **Jacques de Tonnancour**, of Montreal, who paints large lovely landscapes. There is **Alex Colville**, of New Brunswick, with his "magic realism"—powerful, detailed canvases. There is **Gerald Scott**, of Toronto, with his rough virile portraits. A "woman's painter" of real distinction is **Ghitta Caiserman**, of Montreal, whose paintings of women and children are richly emotional. All of these painters—and a good many more—find real inspiration in realistic subjects, and I suspect that realism will continue to play a large part in Canadian art for many years to come.

A SHOT AT THE BIG-TIME STAGE

In Canada a \$100,000 theatrical production is a great event but a Toronto man, **Stuart McKay**, is at the moment planning to spend something like \$200,000 on a new revue. **Purely For Pleasure** (the working title) will open at the Royal Alexandra theatre in Toronto sometime in March and will later tour Canada and perhaps the United States—providing, of course, that it's a success. This isn't a topical revue, like **My Fur Lady**, but rather a collection of production numbers that aim at general, rather than satirical, humor. Most of the material will be from New York and London writers, and the star will be **Gretchen Wyler**, who is best known for her Broadway performances in **Damn Yankees**. But the majority of cast members (there will be about thirty-five) will be Canadians.

A COLLECTION OF COLLECTORS

These days art collecting is a diversion almost anyone can afford, at least to some degree. But in **The Proud Possessors** (Random House, \$6.95) Aline B. Saarinen looks back to the gay gaudy days of its birth in North America. She tells the story of such collectors as **Mrs. Potter Palmer**, wife of the owner of the Palmer House in Chicago, who built a midwestern version of a European castle and filled it with an enormous collection of art treasures. Without trying to write a history of art collecting, Mrs. Saarinen brings us up to the present by discussing such collectors as **Joseph Hirshhorn** (an American who has bought extensively in Canadian art) and **Peggy Guggenheim**, who has not only promoted and bought modern art but in several cases has gone so far as to marry the artists themselves. All of this is told in a brisk chatty style, and the result is **The Proud Possessors** is one of the liveliest books of the season. ♦



His pounds melt away—yours won't

SHOULD someone recommend a "wonder diet" to you . . . one that's guaranteed to make excess pounds vanish in a week or so . . . beware of the advice. Pounds never "melt away" . . . *except those of the snowman!*

How should you tackle the problem of reducing? First, face the fact that overweight—in more than 95 percent of the cases—is caused by eating and drinking too much. To curb your appetite and change your eating habits *permanently*, a lot of will power is required.

Next, you should get your doctor's advice. He will put you on a diet to remove weight at a safe rate. He will also see that your diet includes all the essential nutrients you need—especially proteins, vitamins and minerals—for body upkeep, repair and health.

Though calorie-laden foods (rich desserts, gravies, dressings, fried foods) will be restricted, you will be pleasantly surprised at the varied, appetizing meals you can have while reducing.

Your doctor may also recommend sensible, regular exercise—such as walking. Exercise alone won't solve your weight problem. But it will help keep your body "in tone" and use up some extra calories that

would otherwise be deposited as fat.

Reducing and keeping your weight down will be worth all the effort required. That is because excess pounds burden the *entire* body, especially the heart.

For example, it has been estimated that every 20 pounds of excess weight requires the body to develop about 12 extra miles of blood vessels. Consequently, the work of the heart is greatly increased as it must exert more and more force to pump blood through these additional vessels.

Many studies show that overweight also tends to shorten life. At age 20 and beyond, those who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate at least 50 percent higher than those of average weight.

Moreover, diseases of the heart and blood vessels—including coronary artery disease and high blood pressure—develop earlier in overweight people than in people of average weight. This is also true of diabetes and arthritis, as well as gall bladder and liver troubles.

So, if you bring your weight down and keep it down *permanently*, you can expect to have more vigor, more stamina, better looks, better health—and perhaps added years of life in which to enjoy them.

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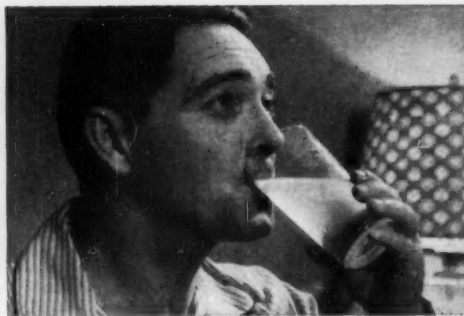
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If possible, stay in bed during your cold, particularly if you're running a fever.

Drink Sunkist Lemon Juice: the juice of one lemon in one-half glass of water every 2 to 3 hours the first day, 3 to 4 times daily there-

after. Drink a glass of hot lemonade at bedtime.

Take Bufferin for your cold as directed on the package. If your headache, sore throat or muscular aches persist, or if your fever doesn't drop promptly, call your doctor immediately.



Your Doctor knows

EVERY WOMAN HAS MOMENTS, days even, when her nerves are taut . . . when she is easily irritated, inclined to quick anger . . . *not* like her usual agreeable self.

If you follow the pattern, you may have upset days like this too. Days when you take extra cups of tea or coffee in an effort to calm yourself, soothe your troubled feelings. Many people, of course, drink tea and coffee without noticeable harmful effects. But many others can not.

Ask your Doctor about this — and he will tell you tea and coffee contain stimulants, drugs, caffeine. So instead of putting you at ease, these beverages may aggravate your symptoms . . . make you more nervous, irritable.

For your trying, down-in-the-mouth days, there is a hot beverage that can offer you a world of comfort. It is Instant Postum. Instant Postum is not like tea or coffee. Instant Postum contains absolutely no stimulants, drugs or caffeine. It does have a delicious aroma and a comforting flavor. There's no need, really, to drag through another month. Let Instant Postum help you. Get a jar. Drink it faithfully and see if you don't feel more at ease, calmer . . . like your usual pleasant self.

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here's health

by Lawrence Galton

How they're making heart treatment safer

A test that promises to make it easier and safer for physicians to use anti-clotting drugs to help heart patients has been developed by two Queen's University physicians. Most heart attacks are caused by clots that block the coronary arteries which nourish the heart muscle. But anti-clot drugs must be used with care to avoid the other extreme—hemorrhage. The new test, called Standard Clotting Time, quickly measures anti-clotting effect and shows what the proper dose is for an individual patient. More reliable than tests now commonly employed, it also is simpler, requires no expensive equipment or materials, may be learned by a physician in a few hours. It has been used successfully in more than nine hundred patients.

Here's a new treatment to stop styes

New light on why some people have frequent sty outbreaks — and on how the repetitions may be ended — comes from a British study. Styes are eyelid infections usually caused by staphylococci. But in most people with recurrent styes, the study shows, abnormal amounts of the same bacteria also are present in the nose. Treatment for the sty itself leaves the nasal bacteria as a source of reinfection. When used on the lid and in the nose simultaneously, an ointment containing two antibiotics, Neomycin and bacitracin, has been found to stop the sty recurrences.

Is your baby allergic to house dust?

Nasal congestion and other respiratory conditions in infants often are considered infectious in origin and may be treated with one "wonder" drug after another to no avail — finally to be labeled "virus" trouble with no cure. Frequently, however, the problem is allergic and can be helped by allergy treatment, according to a recent study which covered a hundred and fifty infants from three to twenty-four months of age. The majority — sixty-two percent — were found to be sensitive to house dust. Sensitivity to pollens and other inhalants, and to foods, also was common. Ninety-two percent of the babies benefited from desensitization treatment in which small, gradually increasing amounts of the allergy-causing substances are used to build up resistance.

A new incubator helps premature babies

A new constant-temperature incubator promises to increase chances of survival for premature infants. Developed at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, it is designed to solve one of the most difficult problems — keeping the premature baby warm enough, but not too warm. As in usual incubators, air is pumped in at a controlled temperature of eighty-six degrees Fahrenheit. In addition, two radiant-heat lamps placed on top of the incubator give off direct heat. The instant the infant's temperature exceeds a desirable level, a temperature-sensing element taped to his abdomen switches off the radiant heat lamps. The automatic heat-control system makes it possible for the first time

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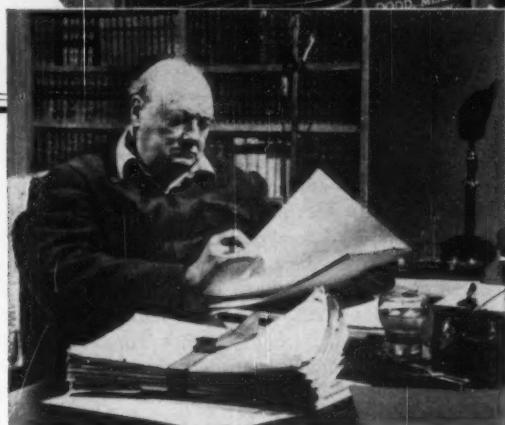
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Chatelaine — February 1959



here's health CONTINUED

to keep infants at a body temperature of 98.6, providing an environment close to that supplied by the mother's body prior to birth.

Use penicillin for ulcers, say the Russians

Complicated, unyielding ulcers of the stomach or duodenum have been helped by penicillin, Russian physicians claim. They report that when penicillin injections were added to other treatment one hundred patients with stubborn ulcers and various complications of other organs, including the liver and biliary tracts, ulcer niches in most cases disappeared entirely or became hardly recognizable under X-ray. The penicillin, say the Russian doctors, apparently acts to control the spread of inflammation.

New relief for breast-cancer sufferers

In advanced breast cancer, prednisone often can be of value, according to a British study. The hormone has no curative action but it may provide gratifying relief and possibly may extend life. The hormone was tried in twenty-nine women who had had radical surgery, irradiation, or both, and had been given further irradiation and other treatment as the disease advanced. Finally, when the cancer no longer could be held in check by other measures, prednisone was tried. It eased pain for the majority, relieved coughing and labored breathing in those in whom the cancer had spread to the lungs, and produced a feeling of improved general well-being in many cases.

Group treatment is helping epileptic children

Epileptic children and their parents benefit from group therapy, U. S. Naval Hospital physicians have found. And such therapy, they report, can be used by physicians anywhere. Each group, consisting of about twenty children and their parents, meets once monthly for two hours. In the first hour, parents, doctors and social workers talk among themselves; in the second hour, the child, his parents and doctor meet. Not infrequently, parents of epileptic children, because of feelings of guilt or remorse, or through fear of bringing on an attack, lose disciplinary control over their children. During the group meetings, report the Naval Hospital physicians, other parents contribute valuable techniques of handling children, and of handling their seizures, which often prove useful to physicians as well. In some cases, seizures are reduced in severity and frequency as parents relax.

What they're doing to ward off strokes

Many strokes are caused by obstructions in the arteries of the neck rather than in vessels deep within the skull — and the neck artery obstructions are accessible and can be cleared by surgery, report physicians at Baylor University, in Texas. The obstructions reduce blood flow to the brain, leading to weakness, speech loss, visual disturbances and mental dullness. They can be diagnosed readily by X-ray. Surgery may involve actual removal of the obstructed part of the artery or the creation of a bypass around it, using an artery graft. Forty-three patients have been operated on by the Texas physicians. Since surgery, signs suggesting impending stroke have cleared in all cases. Fourteen patients, who had numerous stroke episodes prior to surgery, have had none since. ♦



DANA WYNTER Star of "IN LOVE AND WAR"

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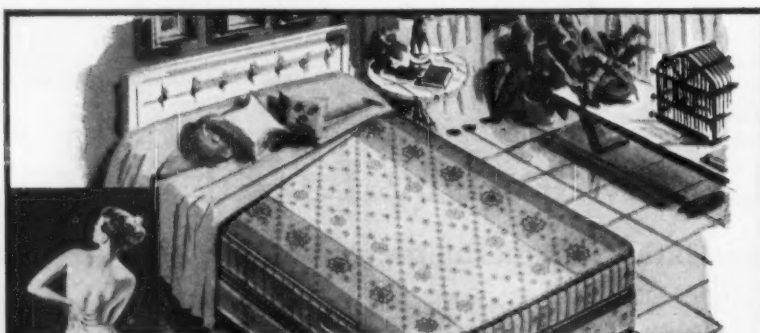


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ONLY
\$39⁹⁵

**MATCHING BOX
SPRING, \$39.95**



No MORNING BACKACHE from a too-soft mattress

Posture is a plus you can get from sleeping on a
POSTUREPEDIC® Mattress

Ask to see the famous **Posturepedic**. Designed in co-operation with orthopedic surgeons, the **Posturepedic** gives firm, deep-spring support *plus* luxurious comfort. Keeps the body properly aligned during hours (years really) of wonderful sleep. In all standard sizes.

Foam rubber **Posturepedic** mattress and matching foundation... both for \$179.50.

ALWAYS
\$79⁵⁰

**Matching foundation
\$79.50**



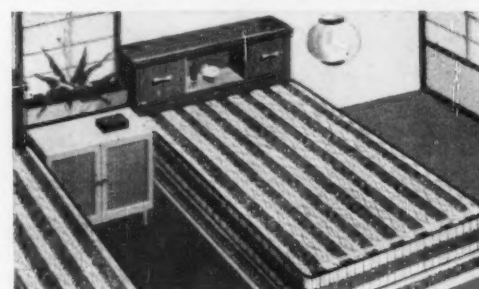
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mattress, box
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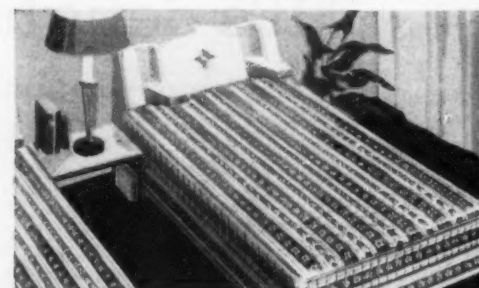
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SEALY FLEUR-DE-LIS—Sculptured headboard in washable Boltaflex... with regal fleur-de-lis pattern in exclusive Bolta-tuft design. Matching ticking on a smooth-as-silk mattress... no buttons. A beautiful addition to any bedroom. 4-pc. set **\$99.95**



SEALY GLENDALE—Modern as today in design and colour. Lovely, delicate hues in luxurious damask ticking accent the deep walnut finish of the strikingly simple bookcase headboard. So handy for books and reading glasses. 4-pc. set **\$119.95**



SEALY GLAMOUR—A wonderful idea! Arm-rests—for reading in bed—unfold from the tufted, washable headboard. Ticking, you can see for yourself, completes the truly luxurious appearance of the stunning twin-bed ensemble, 4-pc. set **\$139.95**

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MATTRESS**

only
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A deluxe edition of the BUTTON-FREE Mattress . . . specially made, specially priced just for this event. Beautifully constructed with many features ordinarily found only in much higher-priced mattresses. For instance, the BUTTON-FREE DELUXE by Sealy is reinforced with latexed fibre through the middle section—where you need it most. And it's luxuriously covered with a heavy damask ticking. Yours at this low price for a limited time—in all standard sizes. Don't wait!

Matching box spring, \$49.95

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SOFA LOUNGE—New! . . . different! . . . with a modern Danish flair. Tufted bolster swings back for extra sleeping comfort (for one). Covered in colourful Sealaflex plastic that wipes clean with a damp cloth. Walnut-finish arms. **\$119.95**



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**MATTRESS and
BOX SPRING**
both for **\$69⁹⁵**

What a buy! . . . a mattress and box spring both for only \$69.95. Full or twin size. The mattress is made to strict Sealy specifications for comfort and long wear. Covered with a pretty woven-stripe ticking. Box spring matches. A magnificent bargain. Don't miss out!

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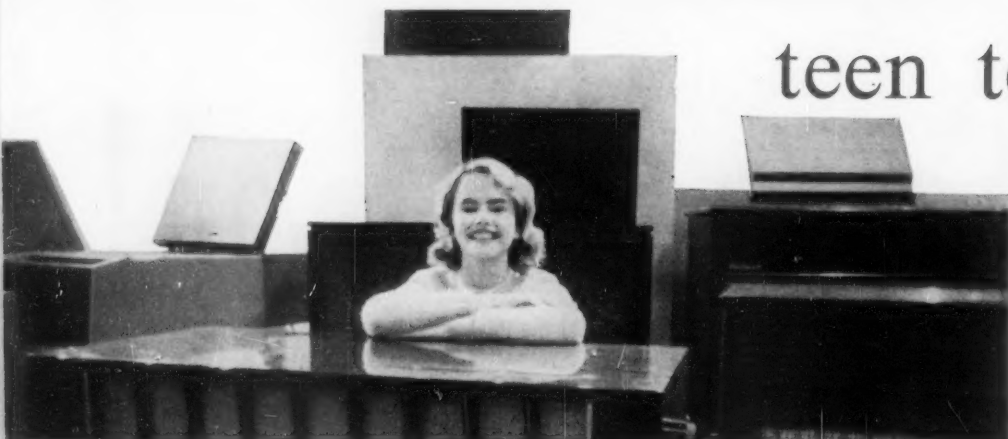
SAVE ON

Sealy

78TH BIRTHDAY BUYS

teen tempo

By SUSAN COOPER



Problem: the girl (have you met her?) who talks too much

Party hazard: you can only be gracious about the spills

"What are you supposed to do if you spill something on someone at a party? I bumped into a girl and spilled soft drink on her dress. She was furious."

All you can do is say you're terribly sorry, make the best of it, and forget it, and try to watch where

you're going next time. You can offer in an extreme case to pay a cleaning bill, but most people at a crowded party consider accidents a reasonable hazard and are a little more gracious than the girl you met. Once you've apologized sincerely, there's no use creating more of an embarrassing scene.



How not to talk yourself out of that grand romance

When to talk — and when not to — is a lesson usually learned after several horrible gaffes, burning faces and bitten tongues. You can lose a man, a best friend, or good public opinion simply by giving way to that sometimes almost uncontrollable urge that most of us get — to talk.

Why talk? Maybe it's nerves, maybe it's a secret wish for self-destruction. For instance, how often have your eyes lit on the man of your dreams

(whom you haven't actually met yet) and you've just *had* to tell all your friends that this is it?

You couldn't really have wanted to meet him, because as soon as you send up the smoke signals, by way of all the female giggles, suddenly he's playing the vanishing Indian. No boy wants to stand and face the guffaws of his pals—who've also heard the rumors of your undying affection. Surely if you must tell someone of your yen, you have one friend who'll let the news stay where you put it, in her confidence.

Again—how often have you formed snap judgments and let the word out? There's a new girl in class whom you've never met, but you decide you don't like the color of her hair, the way she dresses, etc. So you tell the world. Afterward, you discover she's fun and would have made a good friend, but you've lost out—by talking.

And all you have to do to be found out a bad friend is to say anything, almost anything at all, about people who consider themselves friends of yours. It might make amusing chit-chat to fill a nervous silence by laughing about your friends' foibles to others—but do this a few times and you soon won't have any friends. They won't trust you beyond the reach of your voice.

As for passing on gossip, no matter whether you know it to be the gospel truth, it's corroding, hurtful, unnecessary and earns you a nasty reputation.

There *are* times to speak up, and firmly—to defend friends, to quash gossip, to uphold beliefs and principles of yours which are being stepped on.

You don't have to go round being an ever-cheery Pollyanna to be the rare person who knows the value of the right word — and the destructiveness of the wrong one.



At sixteen, she edits the teen page for Orangeville's Banner

Newspaper editor at sixteen is Barbara Worthington. A grade-eleven A student, Barbara edits a teen section on fashions, sports, social events, and features for the weekly Orangeville (Ont.) Banner.

Victim of a rare crippling skin disease which keeps her in a wheel chair, she began writing by putting out the camp paper at the Ontario Society

for Crippled Children's Blue Mountain Camp, then persuaded the editor of the Banner to take her on.

"I assign stories, look them over, edit for errors and generally take them home and type them out," she reports. In future she hopes to study journalism — "if I can work something out," says the girl who refuses to let her wheel chair confine her horizons.



Colder tomorrow?



© 1959, THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORP.

That's "Cream of Wheat" weather...when hot,
nourishing "Cream of Wheat" is so important.



BOTANY wool cardigan (right) heralds the return to more classic lines. By Morley in coral, beige, blue, lavender. Sizes 34 to 40. About \$8.95



ACRILAN-and-botany sweater by Jantzen, comes in cherry, orange, aqua and peacock blue. Buttons lead to a knitted bow at the hipband. Sizes are 34-40. About \$14.95
Matching skirt comes in sizes 10 to 18. About \$12.95



We talk about woolens and man-mades

We sort out the new tags and processes

We tell how to give the best care for more wear

How to buy a sweater

DRESSMAKER STYLING has taken the sweater from the casual-with-tweeds into the fashionable-at-anytime class. Now there is a trend back to the classics but in a wider-than-ever range of colors, textures. And sweaters of both synthetics and wools come tagged with names indicating new treatments that contribute to ease of care, appearance, comfort—sometimes all three.

What are the advantages of synthetics? They launder simply, dry fast. They're hard-wearing, impervious to moths. Colors are usually permanent. Continual research and improvement make them near-identicals of natural fibres in appearance.

Will synthetics ever completely replace wool? No. Wool will always be esteemed for its natural elasticity (hard to duplicate), its cosy warmth (remember it serves an animal this way), its fine appearance and feel. Modern finishes have made it mothproof and reduced the natural shrinkage, and tags will always advertise these features if present in the sweaters you buy.

Continued on page 94

BAN-LON sweater (below left) shows the sailor influence in collar and striped dickie. Here, in marine blue. By Pride O'Glen. Sizes are 34-40. About \$9.95



BOUCLON—textured nylon sweater (above) is made in black, white, pink, beige, blue, mint. A Helen Harper. Sizes 14-20. About \$4.95



ORLON cardigan (above) is one of the new short bulky knits. A Lady Anne, it comes in white only. Three sizes: small, medium and large. About \$12.95



CASHMERE sweater with deep waistband and bracelet-length sleeves, has a dressy Empire look. By Braemar in black and pastels. Sizes 34 to 40. About \$23.50



MOHAIR cardigan (left) has 20% nylon for strength. It is a Kitten, comes in seven colors—this one is chestnut. Sizes are 34 to 40. About \$15

By Vivian Wilcox

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAY WEBBER
at The Art Gallery of Toronto

If
you
can
afford
any
new
car
you
can
own
this
new
class
of
fine
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LOSE WEIGHT EASILY ...



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There is no miracle way to control one's weight. But, whatever reducing plan you choose, we suggest you also do this: between or before meals drink one envelope of Knox Unflavored Gelatine (about 5¢) in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water.

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editorial



LET'S STOP "TOLERATING" CANADA

Top subject on the speech-making circuit these days is the one about Canada's growing national awareness—nobody can argue with it and it's bound to get a rousing round of applause.

Undoubtedly, Canadians have recently acquired more self-confidence, especially in certain areas, than we have had in the past. For example, instead of letting most of our early Canadian furniture be carted across the border for sale in U. S. antique shops, we're zealously tracking it down for use in our own homes. There is a fairly brisk business in original Canadian paintings, a boom in Eskimo carvings and our patriotism reaches almost hysterical heights over any success in sports.

But there are still far too many Canadians who wait until the Stratford Festival gets a stamp of approval from a New York critic before they buy their tickets. If they buy a Canadian book they don't read it themselves—they give it away as a Christmas present, to prove how patriotic they are. They declare the CBC programs are much inferior to the offerings of the U. S. networks — and admit in the same breath that they haven't bothered to tune into the CBC for months. They literally say to Canadian artists: "If you're any good, why are you still in Canada?"

Even the most outspoken, self-assured patrons of the arts in Canada rarely dare to enthuse wholeheartedly about home-grown talent. The typically Canadian attitude is to be timidly tolerant—and prepared to qualify even this kind of mild approval immediately. Yet, even while we still look to the United States to set trends for us, we are sullen and resentful about it. We're like a small child with a new toy. He's not sure he likes it until his big brother takes it away from him.

It's too bad we can't develop a healthy self-confidence overnight. It's too bad we can't skip the ungraceful stage where we have to mutter disparagingly about our neighbors to prove our own worth. But in achieving maturity, nations seem to follow a cycle. First they copy other nations. Then they become belligerently patriotic. Finally they reach a stage where they judge a thing on its merit.

Some of us are at the first stage and some of us have reached the second stage. But if we're all to reach the last stage, we must learn to assess our own artists more realistically. This doesn't involve being anti-anything. Rather we must learn to be for the things we honestly believe to be good. We must give Canadian talent a fair showing, expect a high degree of excellence from it (and this we often get)—and stop sitting on our hands wondering how it would be received across the border. ♦

Doris Anderson

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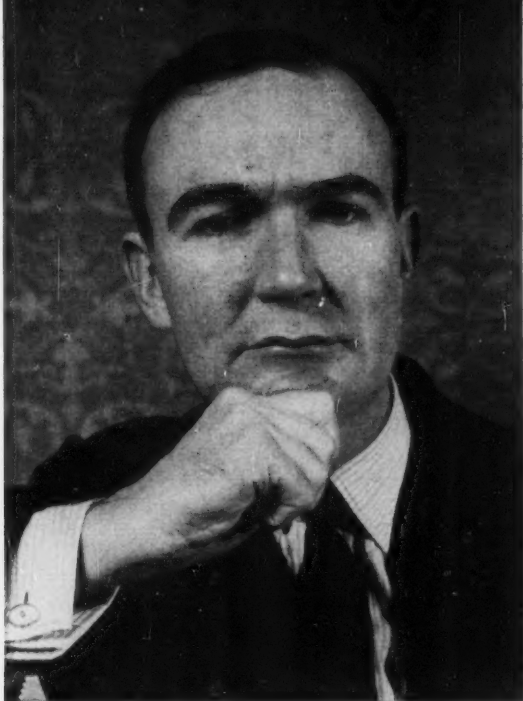
So Young, So Fair, So Debonair

Today's trim, sociable moderns of every age know that the new light look is their greatest flatterer.

Join this happy throng.
Look smart. Stay young and fair and debonair. Be sociable. Have a Pepsi—the lighter Pepsi of today.

PEPSI-COLA the Light refreshment





A year ago this peer's frank comments on
the Monarchy stirred a world-wide controversy.

Now, exclusively for Chatelaine,

he talks back to his critics

and charts a new role for the throne

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

WHAT THE QUEEN'S JOB SHOULD BE



ON JULY 12, 1958, Mr. Harold Weir opened his column in the Vancouver Sun with these words: "Much as it pains me, I must admit that Lord Altrincham, the publicity-puddling peer, seems to have something of a point when he suggests that Her Majesty the Queen could profitably itinerate her residence between various sections of the Commonwealth." And he went on to say: "Altrincham's purpose, I suspect, is to attract attention to himself by embarrassing the Queen."

I do not know why Mr. Weir should have wished to impute to me this vile motive. These are the facts: In August 1957 I wrote and published in my monthly magazine, *The National and English Review* (which is anything but a tabloid), a long and serious article entitled *The Monarchy Today*, which was to serve as a general introduction to other articles on different aspects of the Monarchy. My motive in arranging this series,

and in writing the introduction myself, was that I happen to care very profoundly for the Monarchy and to believe it has a vital and revolutionary part to play in the twentieth-century Commonwealth.

It never occurred to me that my remarks would arouse much interest outside the ranks of my own readers: indeed, I did not add a single copy to the print order for the issue (which surely proves that, if I am a publicity-seeker, I must be the most incompetent one on God's earth!).

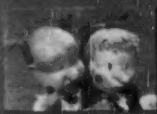
But though I was writing for a comparatively small readership, I took great trouble over the article and tried to state my case with some degree of clarity and punch. It seemed to me that the whole subject of the Monarchy was suffering from a process of mystification, obfuscation and near-idolatry — a process which had led to the

Continued on page 86

Critic Sangster picks TV's best for children



POPEYE



ADVENTURES OF CHUCK



MIKEY MOUSE CLUB



THE FRIENDLY GIANT

Variety and cartoons: "CAPTAIN KANGAROO—Highly recommended. Educational, entertaining, relaxed, early-morning program for younger children. POPEYE—Still the gayest cartoons around. ADVENTURES OF CHUCK—Bright, witty stories featuring John Conway's puppets. MIKEY MOUSE CLUB—Songs, stories, films, served up noisily. THE FRIENDLY GIANT—A gentle giant converses with tiny puppets."



CAPTAIN KANGAROO

HOW GOOD—OR BAD—ARE



YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS



FUN TO LEARN



HIDDEN PAGES

Educational: "JUNIOR MAGAZINE—Too slow and serious for younger children, but older boys and girls can usually find something good, and sometimes something excellent. YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS—Symphony explained by Leonard Bernstein, New York's wonder-boy conductor. FUN TO LEARN—A variety of topics explained in an easy fashion for young children. HIDDEN PAGES—A half-hour dramatization of children's stories. Intelligent and entertaining for 8- to 12-year-olds."

JUNIOR MAGAZINE



ZORRO



DISNEYLAND



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S STORYBOOK



ROY ROGERS

Adventure and fantasy: "ROBIN HOOD—Simple stories, familiar characters and woodland surroundings combine to entertain children of any age—and me, too! ZORRO—A swaggering hero and lots of excitement for the older child. DISNEYLAND—Always professional and often delightful. Better before it deserted fantasy for glorified western themes. SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S STORYBOOK—Somewhat adult in conception. Girls are more apt to like it. Witches may frighten small children. ROY ROGERS—A typical western, but with a minimum of thumping."



ROBIN HOOD



FATHER KNOWS BEST



LASSIE



THE DONNA REED SHOW

Family-situation series: "LEAVE IT TO BEAVER—This program about a young lad named Beaver and his older brother has its faults, but it's probably the best of the early-evening family comedies. FATHER KNOWS BEST—Really designed for an adult audience but suitable for older children. LASSIE—Not recommended for the very young child, who may be frightened by recurrent theme of danger. THE DONNA REED SHOW—An 'adult' show about a schoolboy and his high-school sister, but it is a program that can be enjoyed by the older child."

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER



Do they entertain and instruct, or are they wasting your child's time? Are they too noisy and violent? Do children really like them? The writer—a mother herself—spent weeks watching, talking with children and experts. Here's what she's found out

TV'S SHOWS FOR CHILDREN?

WHEN CHATELAINE asked me to write a critical evaluation of children's television shows, I was stumped. It's true I have two children and a television set, but I hadn't worried about the effect of the latter on the former for a long, long time. When a noted psychologist recently asked, "Have parents, their ears accustomed to the steady beat of hooves, gunshots and maniacal laughter in the living room, simply accepted the unquestioned good in many programs and forgotten to be concerned about the bad ones?" he could have been thinking of me.

Now that I've spent the best part of a month watching dozens of programs, reading all the pertinent literature and interviewing my sons—aged eight and eleven—and the neighborhood children on their TV likes and dislikes, I've arrived at the following conclusions:

1. If the surveys are right, too many children are watching too much television.
2. When it comes to suitable TV fare, younger children in the four-to-eight age group are best served. There's pitifully little intended for the child from eight to twelve.
3. As a result, most children over eight watch adult TV—a mishmash of action drama with gunplay and violence, family-situation comedy with stereotyped characters and limp dialogue, and quiz shows, stressing the you-can-get-it-for-nothing principle.
4. Apart from a few diehards, most parents don't care.

In defense, I'd say that most of us *used* to worry about television. We were afraid it would destroy our children's eyesight, slow down their physical development, discourage hobbies, interfere with homework and end up by stunting them mentally, physically and emotionally. When it became evident that none of these things was likely to happen, we stopped worrying. Television was a passing fad, we figured. Our children would tire of it soon.

What surprised me most in my investigation was how little some children have tired of it. According to a recent brochure commissioned by the Foundation for Character Education, in Boston, and written by specialists in television, education and

psychology, *the average American child between the age of two and twelve spends twenty to thirty hours a week watching television programs.* Five- and six-year-olds are the heaviest viewers, but a Canadian survey last April in the Toronto area indicated that ninety-four percent of the children nine to eleven in seventeen public schools had TV sets and watched television on an average of 3.45 hours a day (5.18 hours on Saturday).

No psychologist has been rash enough to advise parents how much TV is safe for their children to watch, but most of them suggest that four hours a day is too much. Especially since the question arises: *What are they watching?*

Well, according to the Boston survey nearly half of the programs aimed at North American children are "action drama," including the classic western, the adventure story, crime mystery and science fiction. Most of the remaining time is devoted to puppet shows, circus programs, children's talent contests, quiz shows, comedy, family-situation drama and sports. It's an ironic fact that what educators call "programs making a serious assault on a child's curiosity" (*i.e.* news, travel, animals, religion) are limited to only one fifth of the total viewing time.

The Boston survey team warns, "Without benefit of expert psychological advice . . . television program managers are capturing the young audience with programs in which aggression is the central ingredient."

In Canada, our youngsters have it somewhat better. Although CBC occasionally telecasts *The Lone Ranger* or *Roy Rogers*, as this is written not a single cowboy program emanates from its studios, and Dr. F. B. Rainsberry, an erudite gentleman with a PhD in philosophy and English literature, assures us that our little ones are safe from any and all programs featuring an eternal triangle or action outside the law so long as he remains Director of Children's Programs. Instead, a solemn procession of programs

Continued on page 71

Author Sangster has TV-watching rules for her children: no TV during dinner or before homework; bed at 8.30. Stephen (right) likes musicals, mysteries; Jeremy likes cowboys and Popeye.



What's a normal, pretty teen-ager
who wants to live a normal,
quiet life supposed to do when her
mother is a ravishing
screwball who teaches Latin and
serves Martinis from a coffee-pot?

Flavia and the beautiful professor

By Anne H. Littlefield

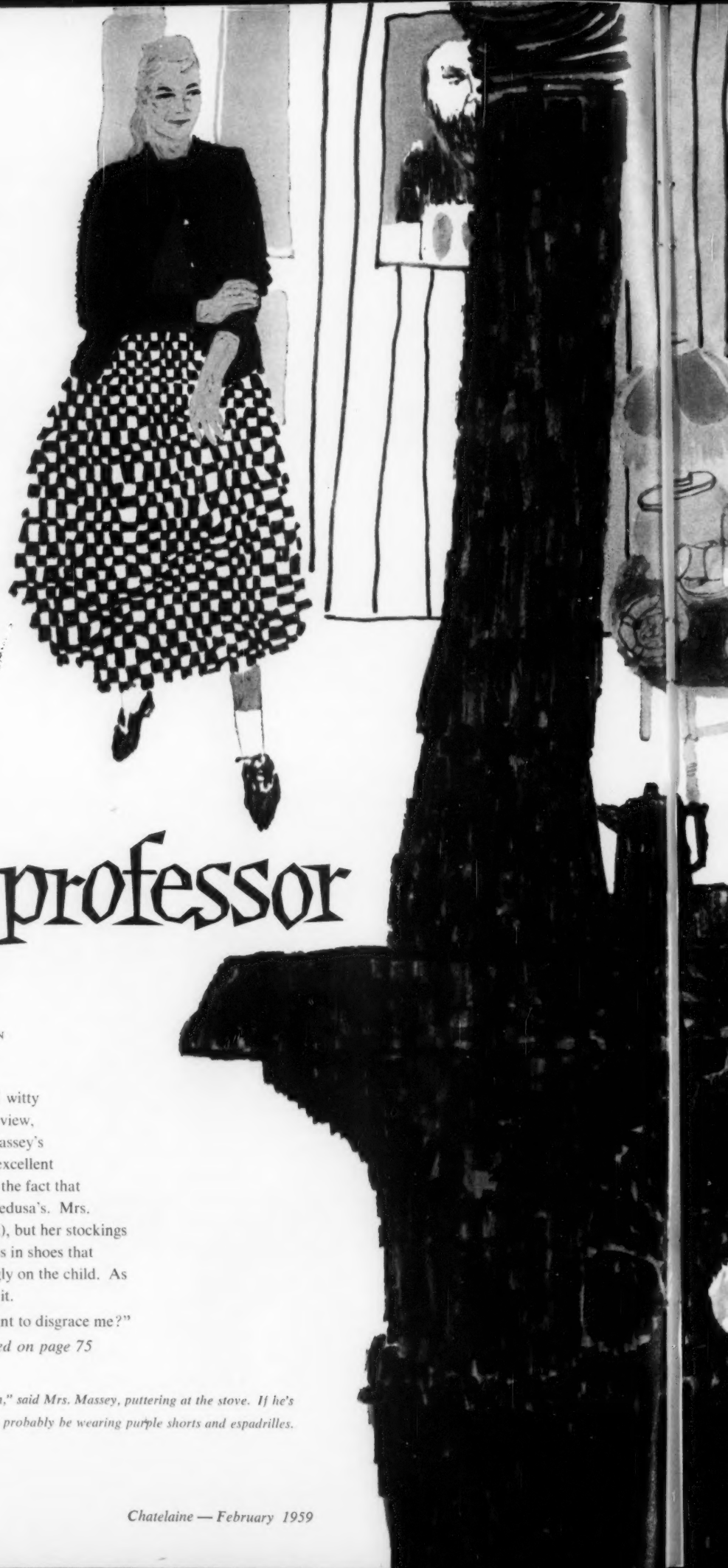
ILLUSTRATED BY KEN DALLISON

FLAVIA'S MOTHER was a professor of Latin, a colorful and witty teacher, a raving, tearing beauty and, from Flavia's point of view, a mess. People who called attention to the purity of Mrs. Massey's profile and its resemblance to a head on a Greek coin of an excellent period got the fishy eye from Flavia, who was obsessed with the fact that her mother's hair was always standing off into the air like Medusa's. Mrs. Massey had fine legs, too (better than her daughter's, almost), but her stockings seldom matched and every once in a while she went to a class in shoes that were not originally a pair. These attributes grated increasingly on the child. As she grew older, she felt that she could not, could *not* stand it.

"Oh Mother!" Flavia would wail despairingly. "Do you want to disgrace me?" Mrs. Massey would mildly promise reform,

Continued on page 75

"George will be along soon," said Mrs. Massey, puttering at the stove. If he's a friend of Mother's, thought Flavia, he'll probably be wearing purple shorts and espadrilles.





dallison

A Chatelaine Personal Experience Story

By Janet Craig James



In just five years author Janet Craig James (right) has seen her daughter overcome paralysis to become a schoolteacher.

MY DAUGHTER WAS A

Despite leg braces and crutches, Jan-Elizabeth—now twenty-one—puts in a full day as teacher of Grade Three at Martha Cullimore School near Niagara Falls, Ont.



At sixteen Jan-Elizabeth's world
collapsed. Polio left her completely
paralyzed. This is how she defied
a life sentence in a wheel chair

"HOPELESS" CRIPPLE



IT WAS VISITING TIME at the Hamilton General Hospital, one day just before Christmas 1953, and I was with our sixteen-year-old daughter, Jan-Elizabeth, in the polio ward where she had been since the epidemic of that summer.

Since the morning of August 10 when she had been rushed to the hospital, completely paralyzed, and her case diagnosed as bulbar polio, she had wasted away from one hundred and thirty-five pounds to eighty-five. She could now swallow a little, after living on intravenous feedings for weeks, and she could say a few words in a hoarse little croak. Her medical record contained such ominous notations as, "Serious involvement in back, arms and legs . . . No response from left leg."

But somehow I could not grasp the full import of what I read, what I saw as I studied the wasted form of my daughter. It was as if this was happening to someone else — not to my Jan-Elizabeth, not to the healthy, cheerful girl who had been on the championship volleyball team the year before, who had been crowned Miss Collegiate at the annual dance.

And so that day when she asked me to find out from her physiotherapist how long it would be before she could go home, I immediately went seeking the answers — unprepared for the cold shock those answers were to contain.

I posed my questions. The attractive young nurse said nothing for a few moments. She seemed to be taking my measure. Then, after giving a deep sigh, she made up her mind.

"I think you want to hear the truth, Mrs. James. Jan will be here for several months yet." She found it difficult to continue. "So far as we can see, she will either be a bed patient for the rest of her life or, at the best, will be in a wheel chair."

I believe I said, "I see. Thank you very much, nurse." But I'm not sure. I do remember walking away, down the corridor towards Jan-Elizabeth's room, trying to keep my face expressionless as people passed me by.

The hopelessness, the injustice of the situation filled me with a blinding anger, and tears streamed down my cheeks. Furious with myself I scrubbed them away, and went into the ward.

I knew by the expression on her face that Jan-Elizabeth's eyes had never moved from the door since I left. Cradling her in my arms — she felt as light as a baby — I smoothed her red-gold hair, and steadied myself for what was to follow.

"Well, I saw the physiotherapist," I said lightly.

"What did she say, Mama? Can I come home?"

I held her even tighter.

"You're not going to like this, honey, but you're going to be in the hospital for quite a while yet. That's so you'll get really well. The nurse says you're coming along wonderfully, and will be as good as new. The main thing is that you're going to have to have a lot of patience."

Over the top of her head, my eyes met those of another mother whose little girl was almost ready to go home. I could tell by her expression that she had heard about the seriousness of Jan-Elizabeth's condition, and the pity in her glance almost broke down my control, but I took a firm grip on myself.

I didn't know how I was *Continued on page 38*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT

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In just five years author Janet Craig James (right) has seen her daughter overcome paralysis to become a schoolteacher.

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"HOPELESS" CRIPPLE



IT WAS VISITING TIME at the Hamilton General Hospital, one day just before Christmas 1953, and I was with our sixteen-year-old daughter, Jan-Elizabeth, in the polio ward where she had been since the epidemic of that summer.

Since the morning of August 10 when she had been rushed to the hospital, completely paralyzed, and her case diagnosed as bulbar polio, she had wasted away from one hundred and thirty-five pounds to eighty-five. She could now swallow a little, after living on intravenous feedings for weeks, and she could say a few words in a hoarse little croak. Her medical record contained such ominous notations as, "Serious involvement in back, arms and legs . . . No response from left leg."

But somehow I could not grasp the full import of what I read, what I saw as I studied the wasted form of my daughter. It was as if this was happening to someone else — not to my Jan-Elizabeth, not to the healthy, cheerful girl who had been on the championship volleyball team the year before, who had been crowned Miss Collegiate at the annual dance.

And so that day when she asked me to find out from her physiotherapist how long it would be before she could go home, I immediately went seeking the answers — unprepared for the cold shock those answers were to contain.

I posed my questions. The attractive young nurse said nothing for a few moments. She seemed to be taking my measure. Then, after giving a deep sigh, she made up her mind.

"I think you want to hear the truth, Mrs. James. Jan will be here for several months yet." She found it difficult to continue. "So far as we can see, she will either be a bed patient for the rest of her life or, at the best, will be in a wheel chair."

I believe I said, "I see. Thank you very much, nurse." But I'm not sure. I do remember walking away, down the corridor towards Jan-Elizabeth's room, trying to keep my face expressionless as people passed me by.

The hopelessness, the injustice of the situation filled me with a blinding anger, and tears streamed down my cheeks. Furious with myself I scrubbed them away, and went into the ward.

I knew by the expression on her face that Jan-Elizabeth's eyes had never moved from the door since I left. Cradling her in my arms — she felt as light as a baby — I smoothed her red-gold hair, and steadied myself for what was to follow.

"Well, I saw the physiotherapist," I said lightly.

"What did she say, Mama? Can I come home?"

I held her even tighter.

"You're not going to like this, honey, but you're going to be in the hospital for quite a while yet. That's so you'll get really well. The nurse says you're coming along wonderfully, and will be as good as new. The main thing is that you're going to have to have a lot of patience."

Over the top of her head, my eyes met those of another mother whose little girl was almost ready to go home. I could tell by her expression that she had heard about the seriousness of Jan-Elizabeth's condition, and the pity in her glance almost broke down my control, but I took a firm grip on myself.

I didn't know how I was *Continued on page 38*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT



Best buy in a coat dress because of the flattering neckline; new wide-banded, bowed waist; fabric—black-and-white checked worsted, lined. Starcraft, sizes 8-18. About \$45.

We've done it again!

Remember our September line-up of best fall fashion buys? Now from the spring lines of Canada's fashion houses, Vivian Wilcox previews and picks an exciting Canadian collection of

BEST BUYS FOR SPRING '59



Best buy (right) because of its new yet understated good looks, fine English wool tweed. Rose, mauve, green, blue. Louis Schrier. Sizes 8-16. About \$85.

How to choose a "best buy"

WHAT IS A BEST BUY? It is something that gives you pleasure, serves you well. In terms of clothes, it may be classic or high style, but it is a fashion with a future. It is becoming. It is right for the places you go and the things you do. A dull dress, an unbecoming or inappropriate dress, is never a best buy no matter how little it costs because it does nothing for the wearer and usually spends most of its life in the closet—unworn and unloved. In choosing these best buys, Chatelaine scouted the Canadian market, looked at hundreds of coats, suits and dresses. The ones you see here are representative of the best style and best quality in a wide price range. Further selection is up to you, for fashion is, in the final analysis, a personal affair—only you can tell what is best for you. Look at all the clothes critically. First, as a guide to this spring's fashion picture. There are no chemises, trapezes. There is a return to fit. Suit jackets are short, waistlines raised or normal, often widely belted. Then look in terms of your individual requirements: your figure, budget, wardrobe needs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ROCKETT



New spring look: blue-and-white worsted with Dacron-and-cotton blouse, leather belt. Junior Sophisticates, 5-15. About \$59.95.



Again, a jaunty jacket, slim skirt. In grey or beige worsted flannel. This suit, by Lou Larry. Sizes 8-18. About \$49.95.



1959 version of the shirtdress (right) has upcurving waistline, contour belt. Black-and-white cotton. By Town and Country. In sizes 5-15. About \$29.95.

CONTINUED
ON NEXT PAGE



Navy chiffon worsted—leads a double life. Remove collar and tie, add jewels, and you have a cocktail dress. By Junior Sophisticates. Sizes 5-15. About \$39.95.



Short-sleeved wool jersey dress, mohair jacket—color of lemon sherbet. By Mr. Mort. Sizes 5-15. About \$35.

Quiet elegance in a coat of wool bouclé, beige, ivory, flamingo, green. By Wilson. Sizes 8-16. About \$59.95.

High style, low price. Empire dress in blue cotton has big bow and alternative belt (not shown). By Gerry Gilden, sizes 8-18. About \$16.95.

BEST BUYS FOR SPRING '59 *continued*



Best buy for the woman who has a flair for bold lines, color. Two-tone mohair—pink, mango, blue. By Irving Samuel. Sizes 8-16. About \$100.



Right: long-loved lines, new fabric that washes like a charm. It's a Lou Larry shirtdress of cotton and Arnel—lavishly skirted. Comes in beige, pastels. Sizes 8-18. About \$25.



Smock coat—its fullness gathered on a deep yoke. Moss, beige bouclé. By Lassie. Sizes 5-17. About \$49.95.



Full skirt, waistline revival—in cocoa looped mohair. Barrie Lee. In sizes 7-15; 8-16. About \$75.

Gordon coat of mauve, green or blue mohair and wool. Bodice detail and gathered skirt typify spring fashion. Comes in sizes 8-16. About \$80.

Designed in Paris, made in Canada by Irving Samuel. Jacket falls free at the back. Poppy-red worsted and wool jersey. Sizes 8-16. About \$100.

For stores where these clothes are available, see page 42



The first in an absorbing series from Canada's west begins next page

BITTER HARVEST

For Nan, ambition and its rewards had been enough—
until Harvey left her. Then only did she learn the cost of a false strength
that left no room for understanding

by Sheila MacKay Russell

Illustrated by Aileen Richardson



Nan looked at Harvey with an unexpected yearning. He had loved it here, she thought, and she had uprooted him.

BITTER HARVEST

Continued



HARV JUNIOR, restless, moody, strangely without direction.

JIM, big, bronzed,
a replica of his father.

CIA, dark and beautiful; an even
blend of both her parents.

NAN, the strong-willed mother, ambitious for her family, defenseless in the crisis ambition had made.

She had been the strong one. Now she needed them, and they could not understand

IT was with bewilderment that she had come to the knowledge of her need of him. He was weak and she was strong, and this they had both known almost from the beginning. But she had not known that he was so vital a part of her. It had something to do with the years, she thought emptily, with the secret subtle knitting of time and habit. They were woven now into the fabric of each other's beings and she hadn't known it until he had left her. You take a marriage for granted until it is shattered, she thought.

And now this. Anger and hurt that were like a sickness as she stared at the two rows of faces on either side of the long dining-room table. They were oblivious to her need of them. They were without the perception to sense her suffering. Was it for this that she had married when she was seventeen and given thirty-four years of her life to bearing and rearing them, to shaping and directing and making something of them?

Just this once she had wanted to lean on them, had wanted comfort and reassurance from them. But they were too accustomed to her strength, too used to bending to her

will. Her children were like the wind-tossed branches of a pine tree. They still drew their strength from the home soil and she, Nan, who only a few fleeting years ago had been young herself, was the mother root.

The thought frightened her today where once it had given her satisfaction. She had been proud of her vigorous brood, glad that she could be young with them, certain of their devotion. But today she wondered if the quality she had mistaken for devotion had been merely dependence. If they loved her, they would be standing solidly behind her in this humiliating devastating crisis. They would not be staring at her with noncommittal faces, openly doubting her in front of the strangers their marriages had brought into the family circle.

"But where has he gone?" Peg was the one who broke the silence — Peg the peacemaker, the vulnerable one who had always been Harvey's favorite. Even though she was a grown woman with a husband and two children, her lip was quivering as it always had before she cried as a child. "I mean where would he go all alone? Why didn't he come to

Herb and me? Well, I mean . . ."

"Easy, hon. Easy now," Herb Porter said, patting her shoulder clumsily.

Why, oh why, her mother thought irritably, did he always have to treat Peg as though she were one of the sway-backed mares he still used on his excuse for a farm? It had been a waste of money to buy good land for him to bumble over, but it had been an opportunity to increase the Martin holdings. She should have known better, of course. A man who had been their hired man . . .

Nan Martin compressed her lips and lowered her eyes to her plate. She wanted to scream at them that this was a family matter, not to be bared to the ears of others. She didn't even mind the men so much—Janet's husband or Peg's. But it was sheer agony to have Carol, her daughter-in-law, watching while her pride was trampled into the dust. Jim at thirty-two was a replica of his father, a big bronzed man with a softness about him that his mother knew only too well. But she still could not forgive his wife for her obvious domination of him.

"I presume that your father felt that four miles was not far enough away, Peg," she said, her voice tight in her throat. "Now would you please eat your dinners? I prefer not to discuss this further."

She swept them with a commanding glance that passed swiftly over the empty armchair at the other end of the table and tried to avoid in particular two pairs of eyes, Janet's cold-blue physician's gaze and Harv junior's hard dark ones. Of her seven children they were the only two who could baffle her.

Janet, the eldest, was her own image physically, with her wheat-gold hair and calm carved features. But she had learned long ago how to withdraw herself into secret strongholds, which her mother's will hesitated to penetrate. And young Harv, even though he resembled his father, was most truly her child in spirit. Of the three children left at home, he was the one on whom she must count now.

"All right, go!" she had said bitterly to his father. "Harv will run the farm. Make your ugly little gesture just when we've been nominated for the award, just when you know it will hurt the most. You've always wanted to hurt me, haven't you? You've needed to tear me down. All right! You've succeeded. So take your petty triumph with you and see who cares. See who misses you!"

She raised a bite of turkey to her lips and lowered it, untouched. Yes, he had known just how and when to hurt, when her pride had the farthest to fall. Deep down, she had always known that winning the award as a Master Farm Family of Alberta had not meant as much to him as it had to her.

She had driven him over the years and he had worked, doggedly, passively, until the rolling Martin acres were the showpiece of the district. He had never openly expressed the resentment that had flowed like a dark current under



PEG, Harvey's favorite, and family peacemaker.

HERB, her husband, once the Martin's hired hand.

all their days until yesterday.

"You know something?" he had shouted, standing over her with his fists clenched by his sides, his very stance shaking her to her depths. It was so unlike him. Always before, he had sat with lowered head

while she did the talking. "I don't even like farming! But you held me to the land. You had to have land, more and more land. You had to have a big house and big barns. I had to work, work, work, until I don't know what it's like to play! All right, it's yours. It's all yours! I'll take the money in the bank and clear out. I've wanted to go back east ever since I came out here and now, by George, I'm going!"

"What about the award?" she had cried. And now, in the uncertainty he had created within her, she wondered guiltily if it were characteristic of her that she had mentioned the award before the children. "You've been nominated as a Master Farmer. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"I've been nominated? That's a laugh.

We both know whose award it will be.

You can have it! It's yours."

"You know as well as I do that we will have to withdraw if this gets out. What about the publicity, the photographs, the interviews? They can't give the award to a woman whose . . . whose husband has just left her."

Just saying the words had lacerated her pride and the pain of it had destroyed her control. She had risen like a wounded lioness, her voice going high and shrill. "And the children! What about them? Oh, this is like you! How like you it is! You've had as much sense of responsibility where they're concerned as an earthworm. They could have run wild and you would have sat like a lump of clay and watched it happen. I was the one who had to worry about them. I was the one who had to plan for them, who cared about them. We both know how much you cared about them!"

"That's right. They're yours, too.

And now you can have them to yourself."

His shoulders sagged suddenly. "They're grown up now anyway. They don't need me."

She had wanted to say that the children at home still needed them both.

Sally at eighteen and Allan at twenty-one were still very much in need of parental guidance; and even Harv, in spite of his twenty-seven years, was restless and moody and strangely without direction. But the unforgivable things that had been said stood between them

Continued on page 62

SALLY, who gave her loyalty to Nan.



ALLAN, who strove to help mother keep face.

JANET, the eldest, calm and reserved.

BY BARBARA REYNOLDS
Home Planning Editor
Photographs by Ray Webber

Hobby room designed to serve the whole family includes a woodworking section, ceramic corner, television and—for rainy-day play—this colorful hopscotch floor design. Each colored square is made of four 9 in. linoleum tiles and the numbers, available on order through any dealer, are set in.
From Chatelaine's Avenue of Interiors, Canadian National Exhibition.



GOOD LIVING MOVES DOWNSTAIRS

For the basement:

new decorating ideas, plus

materials that help you do most

of the finishing work yourself

HERE, and on page 36, Chatelaine's Decorator Service shows how you can change a basement into a comfortable and warm hobby room, laundry-sewing room or a recreation room. New products such as prefinished wood paneling in a variety of woods and finishes, grooved ceiling tiles, painted and ready for easy installation, are now available to help you save time and money.

There are many different types of wall paneling, and the price varies from \$3 to \$25 per 4 ft. x 8 ft. sheet. This covers the range from ¼-in. hard-

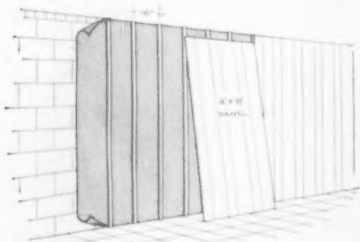
board (which has to be painted) to handsome walnut and cherry plywood paneling complete with furniture finish.

Vinyl-asbestos, mastic, asphalt are suitable tiles for basements. These tiles can be applied directly to the cement floor. Linoleum, cork, or pure vinyl *must not be used* unless over a wood sub-floor.

Another point to remember is that carpenters, painters, etc., can give your job special attention during winter months, so, this is an ideal time for home improvement.

Good Living continued on page 36

Paneled walls, with random grooved effect in driftwood finish, line this spacious recreation room. Color scheme of orange, gold and brown adds warmth. Note the effective use of ceiling fixtures lowered to serve as table lamps.

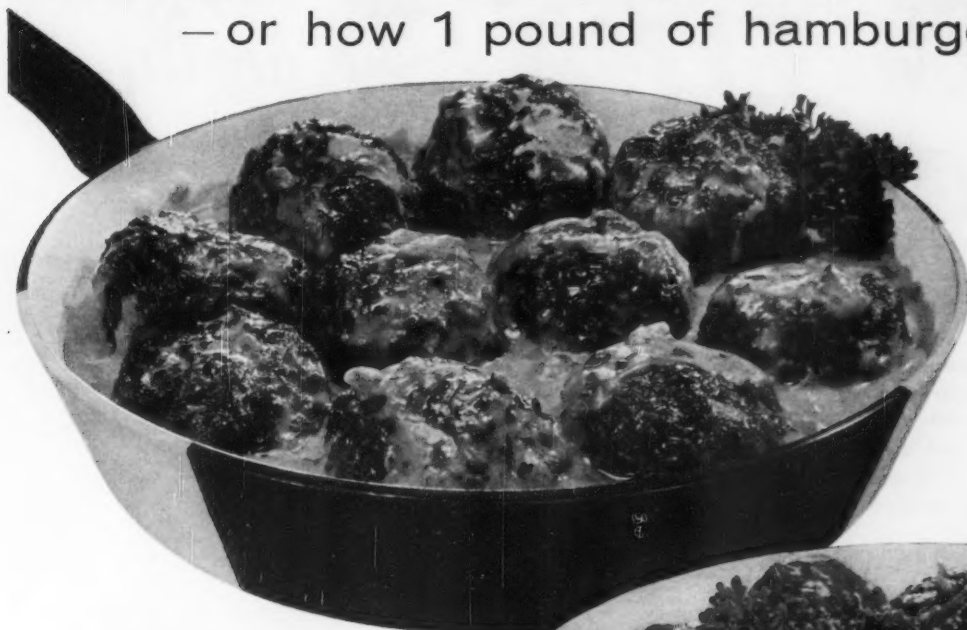


Method: For outside walls, apply waterproofing—tar paper, foil, polyethylene, or treated pressed board. Next, on all walls, fasten 1 in. x 2 in. strapping at 16 in. centres (16 in. from centre of one strapping to centre of the next strapping). The prefinished 4 ft. by 8 ft. plywood sheets are nailed to the strapping.



NEW BUDGET BEATERS

— or how 1 pound of hamburger serves 4!



BUDGET BEATER—NO. 7 Mushroom Meatballs

Continental flavor — on a budget!

BLEND 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Measure out $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soup mixture. Combine with 1 lb. ground beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 2 tbsp. minced onion, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, 1 egg (slightly beaten), $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt.

SHAPE into meatballs about $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter. Brown in 1 tbsp. shortening in a large skillet.

ADD remaining soup mixture; cover.

COOK over low heat about 15 min.; stir occasionally. 4 servings.

BUDGET BEATER—NO. 8 Porcupine Meatballs

Sunday best — at pennies a serving!

MIX $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Campbell's Tomato Soup with 1 lb. ground beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup uncooked rice, 1 egg (slightly beaten), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion, 2 tbsp. minced parsley, 1 tsp. salt.

SHAPE into balls about $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter (about 16). Brown in 2 tbsp. shortening with 1 small garlic clove (minced) in a large skillet.

BLEND in the rest of the can of soup and 1 cup water; cover.

SIMMER about 40 min. or until rice is tender, stirring now and then. 4 servings.



BUDGET BEATER—NO. 9 Swedish Meatballs

Party-elegant — picnic-thrifty!

BLEND 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Measure out $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soup mixture. Combine with 1 lb. ground beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 2 tbsp. minced onion, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. salt.

SHAPE into balls about 1" in diameter. In large skillet, brown meatballs in 1 tbsp. shortening.

ADD remaining soup mixture and 1 to 2 tbsp. minced dill pickle (if you like); cover.

COOK over low heat about 20 min., stirring now and then. 4 servings.



Good ^{n' thrifty} cooks cook with *Campbell's Soups*

"Proud? I'll say! My wife can sew anything with her **ELNA**. She really saves money too!"

Just listen to him brag . . . and every word of it is true! You *can* sew anything with your Elna, and you certainly do save. For *less than half the ready-made cost*, you can have lovely new clothes, drapes, and slip covers that your family and friends will admire.

Your Elna helps save in other ways, too. It darns and mends almost invisibly . . . makes your repairs firm and strong, ready to take lots more wear and tear. Sheets, tablecloths and children's clothes last so much longer. Elna's wonderful "open arm" even lets you *darn socks* . . . makes a difficult job, like a set-in sleeve, easy to sew. There's no need for tiresome hand sewing, *ever*, with your Elna. It does *all* your plain sewing, blind hemming, buttonholes, darning, even fancy embroidery. And you get beautifully-finished, professional-looking results.

The Elna is fully automatic, *lifetime guaranteed*, made by the world's finest precision craftsmen: the Swiss. See this amazingly modern machine at your local Elna sewing centre or Elna dealer. Better still, try one out in your own home. Just phone or write your nearest Elna centre or representative . . . they'll be happy to serve you. Ask about the easy budget and rental plans too. And remember: Elna has a *full range* of sewing machines and a complete line of smartly-styled furniture for every model. There's an Elna ideally suited to *your* needs!



ELNA

Just simply **the best***
for sewing and saving

**the best in the world, that is!*

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Chatelaine — February 1959

SIX STEPS TO *Prettier Hands*



IMPROVE silhouette and proportion with correctly shaped fingernails. A large hand looks best with oval nails; nails on a small hand should not be too pointed or long. An entirely lacquered nail lends length to a short finger.

HAND WASHING should be followed by thorough drying, (buff nails with towel at the same time). Follow with hand cream or lotion. Small purse dispensers will rescue your hands from ladies' room supplies of strong soap and scratchy paper towels. Soap papers are helpful, too.

GESTURE GRACEFULLY Hold small objects with your thumb and middle finger rather than your index finger. This gives the hand a longer line. When you reach for objects or to shake hands, always lead with your wrist, your hand curved gracefully.

MASSAGE away lines and crevices—especially those large ones on the knuckles—working from finger tips to wrist. Nails, too, will benefit. Creams and lotions containing moisturizers help plump up the skin; bleaching creams used nightly will help fade brown sun spots. Lotions containing silicones coat sensitive hands with a protective film. Gloves protect them, too.

EXERCISE gives suppleness and tone: stretch arms forward at shoulder level, fingers pointing to ceiling, then push your whole palm against an imaginary wall. Try this one in the bath: flex your fingers underwater by pulling them one by one, back and away from the palm—five times each.

BEAUTIFY your hands with a pretty polish. Remember, few hands are white enough to wear pale polish—slight contrast to the skin is more flattering. Finally, scent your hands with your favorite fragrance.

By Eveleen Dollery

BEAUTY EDITOR

Photograph by John Sebert



NIVEA *Creme*

**MOISTURIZES DEEP DOWN
WHERE BEAUTY BEGINS**

It's a natural beauty precaution! Every day — all year round — every girl needs deep-moisturizing NIVEA Creme. Sharp winds, blistering sun, or indoor dryness can steal away precious skin oils. But NIVEA replenishes natural moisture because it contains Eucerite — a unique ingredient related even more closely to your natural skin oils than lanolin. Eucerite feeds the skin deep down where beauty begins. So let NIVEA Creme give you a double-duty beauty treatment — use it as a cleansing and a foundation cream every day!



AND YOU'LL ENJOY NEW HAIR BEAUTY WITH

NEW NIVEA SHAMPOO!

There's a newly glamorous gloss to your hair when you use new NIVEA SHAMPOO! Like NIVEA CREME, it contains Eucerite, gives your hair the natural sheen of health!

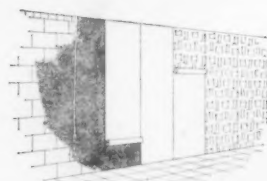


GOOD LIVING MOVES DOWNSTAIRS

continued from page 32

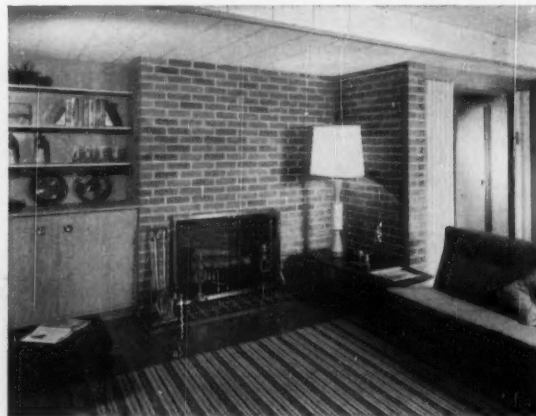


Papered walls are definitely news in basements, and for this colorful laundry, sewing and furnace room, we chose a pink and yellow novelty paper on a white ground. Floor is pink and yellow vinyl-asbestos tiles laid in stripes. Pink plastic counter top adds warmth.



Method: Treat walls with waterproofing paint, according to manufacturer's directions. Drop a plumb line (weighted string) to mark vertical guide line on the wall. Apply wallpaper liner, available at the wallpaper stores, and then the chosen wallpaper.

This treatment can be used on all walls if your basement is reasonably dry, otherwise use just on inside walls. For outside walls a plastic-flecked spray paint to tone with the paper can be used.



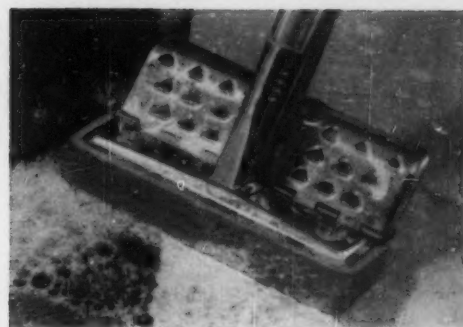
Acoustic-tile ceiling is easy to apply and because of its sound-absorption quality is ideal for rumpus rooms. Here the color scheme starts from the carpet stripes of pale green, cocoa and white — with sage-green sofa, bleached oak paneling, cocoa floor tile.



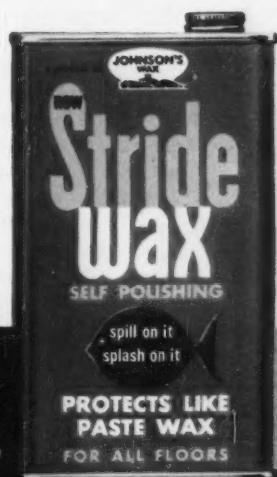
Method: Apply wood furring strips 1 in. x 3 in. at right angles to the ceiling joists, using 12 in. centres. Start from the centre of the room and work out to each side. Nail a final furring strip flush to the wall. Tongue-and-groove

acoustic tiles may be easily applied with a special staple gun. Cost of preprinted acoustic tile, tongue-and-groove for a room 10 ft. x 20 ft. is about \$40 to \$45.


Even after 6 washings... Stride's bright shine comes back!

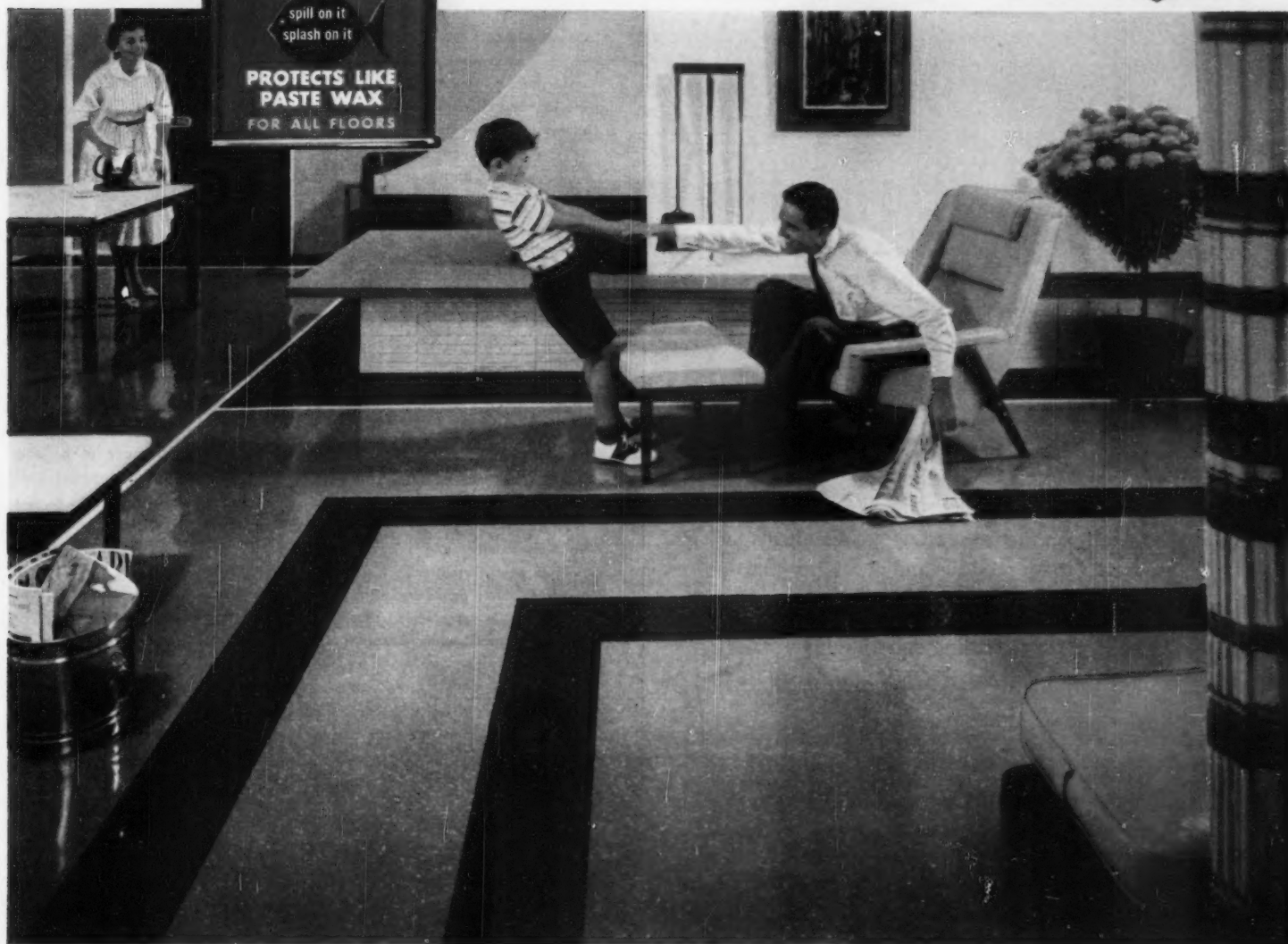


Johnson's
HEAVY-DUTY
self-polishing
wax



YOU DON'T NEED TO RE-WAX EVERY TIME! Stride is specially created to stand up under the hot-suds washings you need to keep floors really clean. Hot suds don't dull it or dissolve it, as they do ordinary floor polishes. Instead, Stride's rich, *genuine* wax film wears on through washing after washing, while others wash away. And just a light buffing brings back Stride's brilliant shine *every time!* Stride costs a little more, but lasts so much longer. No wonder . . . *Stride is the heavy-duty, self-polishing wax that protects like paste wax!*

JOHNSON'S  WAX





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Today's Ban rolls on the most effective ingredients yet discovered to stop odour and check perspiration!

- * 22% more active ingredients than the average leading deodorants . . .
- * A safer, surer formula, to make you more confident . . .
- * An easier, neater, more exact application . . .
- * Protects completely from bath to bath . . .
- * No waste, no drip, no stickiness . . . no harm to sensitive skins or delicate fabrics . . .

Another Fine Product of Bristol-Myers Company of Canada Ltd.

MY DAUGHTER WAS A "HOPELESS" CRIPPLE

Continued from page 25

going to do it, but I took a vow right then that there would be something more ahead for Jan-Elizabeth than a bed or a wheel chair.

There is no loneliness like the loneliness of having a conviction which is shared by no one else. I tried to express my hopes and determination to those who were caring for my daughter. They could give me no assurance or encouragement. They had case histories to go on. Thousands of them. Apparently it was a miracle that Jan was even alive. Here was one of the most serious cases that had survived in the history of the hospital.

"Looking for heartbreak"

They showed me muscle tests which proved the left leg was "dead." I knew it was ice cold and looked like marble, but they couldn't convince me. They showed me how the muscles of her back had wasted, and the serious involvement in both arms. I refused to be shaken, and turned to my husband Charles for confirmation of my belief.

"Don't build yourself up to a terrible letdown," he pleaded. "I would like to believe she is going to recover, just as you do, but you are only looking for heartbreak by refusing to accept what the doctors say."

During these dark days I thanked God over and over again that we did not have the added worry about finances. From the moment Jan-Elizabeth was accepted as a patient at the hospital, the Canadian Foundation for Poliomyelitis took care of the expenses. Charles was given unlimited time off so that we could drive from our home in Niagara Falls to the Hamilton hospital every day for the first six months, and two or three times a week thereafter.

At last, after much discussion with the doctors it was decided that Jan-Elizabeth should come home for a visit. We planned for and talked of nothing else. We were cautioned against allowing Jan to touch the piano. Yet to play the piano again was her greatest wish. She had been playing since she was four and music was a part of her.

"If only my hands come back, I don't care about the rest," she whis-



Jan-Elizabeth plays for her Grade Three pupils. An accomplished pianist, she also at times fills in as organist at the local church.

pered over and over again. But the muscles of both thumbs were useless and there were only flickers of movement in her other fingers. We were told there was little hope she would ever play again, and to let her go near the piano would have a very bad effect on her psychologically.

As the hospital bed was erected in the living room for her arrival, I thought more and more about the piano. Jan-Elizabeth had gone through all the conservatory grades up to ARCT. She had been a scholarship winner at the Kiwanis Festival, and I couldn't believe this talent would be snatched away from her.

She was home! I was the most thankful mother on earth.

It didn't matter to me that she was so wasted that the sheet stretched across her hipbones like canvas on tent pegs. I could hold her in my arms and look after her—for one week at least.

Then came the day when she asked to be carried to the piano. Charles looked at me. I took the plunge praying that it was the right thing to do. "Before Daddy carries you to the piano, you must understand one thing, dear. You're not going to be able to play. Not just now, anyway. If Daddy puts you on the bench, you must promise there'll be no tears."

She nodded happily, and Charles carefully put her on the piano bench, supporting her with one arm, and placing her hands on the keys.

Jan didn't have the strength to press down one key. I felt sick with apprehension. The doctors were right. I had done the wrong thing. I couldn't bear to look at her stricken face, but I said briskly, "Remember, no tears."

She blinked—then managed a smile. Another crisis was over.

Already we were discussing plans



In Regular or Giant Sizes



Here's the newest, freshest idea in household cleansers

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But Do You Really UNDERSTAND The Bible?

Many people maintain that the Bible is so simple and clear that anyone can understand it.

Yet today the Christian world is divided into conflicting opinions as to what the Bible means. Sincere and equally learned Bible scholars take different meanings from the same words, and there are many Christian sects which disagree on basic Bible questions.

The average Christian who wants to understand the Bible, finds all this confusing... wondering which interpretation to accept, whom to believe. The result is that the Bible often gathers dust on the family bookshelf, when it should be bringing joy to the hearts of men.

Catholics, of course, join with Christians everywhere in recognizing the complete Bible as the inspired Word of God. It could not be otherwise, for it was the Catholic Church which assembled the books of the Bible nearly 1600 years ago, and which preserved its precious message on parchment for a thousand years before the invention of the printing press.

It is unfortunate, however, that some of the most devoted Bible readers do not understand it. As a matter of fact, Holy Scripture is seldom correctly understood unless we have certain preliminary knowledge concerning God's revealed truth.

In writing the New Testament, its authors took into account that a knowledge of God's revelation already prevailed. The books they wrote were intended to instruct and confirm teachings already known—not to announce something entirely unknown. When you have this preliminary knowledge, the Bible is neither contradictory nor confusing.

The books of the Bible were given by God through writers who addressed themselves to people who already possessed faith in God and to whom the divinely revealed message was, to some



extent, already known. These books seek to explain and confirm this message and to induce readers to conform their lives to it. They were certainly not intended to teach all of God's revealed truth to those who were learning it for the first time.

The Bible, properly understood, can exert a tremendous power for good in your personal and family life. But to understand it, you should know something about those who wrote the Bible... the way they thought, spoke and the characteristics of the language they used. By whom was the Bible translated... how can we know these translations are correct? What are the common sense rules to be followed in understanding the Bible? These and other important questions concerning the intelligent use of the Bible are answered in a pamphlet which we will send you in a plain wrapper—free on request. And nobody will call on you. Write TODAY for Pamphlet No. CH-22.

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for building a new house. Despite my conviction that Jan would ultimately recover, my common sense told me that for some time she would be unable to handle stairs. She was enthusiastic about the idea, particularly when I told her we were thinking of making a bed-sitting-room on the ground floor.

"We'll put your piano in there, and once you get playing again, you'll be able to take pupils." That was as far as I dared dream.

Easter was nearing and everyone else in Jan's ward was either walking or in a wheel chair. A few of Jan's muscles were showing signs of returning to life, but she could not sit up alone. Tears were often near the surface as she watched the other youngsters scooting down the corridors in their wheel chairs. I had always thought she was too wilful, but now that determination was her strength.

In the meantime a few flickers of life appeared in her finger muscles. After several more weeks it was decided that Jan's back might be strong enough to hold her upright in a wheel chair if her arms were placed in rests. It was tried out, and after a short period the armrests were dispensed with. At last she was a wheel-chair patient.

To most people this would not mean very much, but when we considered how nearly fatal her illness had been, it seemed nothing short of a miracle. Even so, her arm and leg muscles were making little headway, and there were still unmistakable signs of the paralysis in her throat.

The day the crutches came

Jan-Elizabeth came home for the Easter holiday. She was wheeled up to the piano and, by dint of sheer determination, played a few notes very faintly. But that was all the encouragement she needed. She knew she was going to play again.

One day Jan managed to pull on a pair of shorts I had bought for her. It took her from nine in the morning until one in the afternoon—but she did it. We felt on top of the world.

Gradually Jan's right leg began to show some improvement, and there was some cautious talk about braces for both legs, and crutches.

Finally the day came when Jan's crutches were to arrive. I had cautioned her that possibly she wouldn't be able to do very much with them at first. I told her to phone me the minute she had tried them out.

That day I sat beside the phone in an agony of apprehension. No call came. Finally, in desperation, I called the hospital. It was a tearful daughter who finally spoke to me. The thing I was afraid of had happened. When they stood her up and slipped the crutches over her arms, she couldn't move. Her nerves had frozen up completely.

"But wasn't that what I told you would happen?" I asked banteringly. "I suppose you thought you would be doing the Charleston up and down the halls, didn't you?"

She managed a giggle, and I knew everything would be all right.

After much practice she finally got the hang of using the crutches. It was a terrific strain on her back and arms, but she wouldn't let that deter her. She was on her way now and nothing could stop her.

"I can't let her go"

By this time even the doctors were talking of the possibility of her taking music pupils: Jan's finger muscles were now responding quite well.

The summer weather was doing wonders for Jan and she was coming home almost every weekend. At this point her progress seemed at a standstill again. She might as well be home, we felt.

Then another suggestion was made to us. We had heard a lot about Lyndhurst Lodge in Toronto, and the wonderful rehabilitation work that is being done there. The doctors thought that if she were to spend a year at Lyndhurst, it was possible that she would be able to continue her studies at the conservatory.

Very little was said on the journey. When we arrived, Charles pushed Jan up the ramp into the reception hall.

It was almost time for our interview with the doctor, when suddenly I knew I must do something. I think Charles knew what was coming by the look on my face. He didn't seem surprised when I grasped his arm and gasped, "Tell them we've changed our minds. I can't let her be separated from us again. I've got to take her home."

As we drove back to the Falls, I thought over what I had done. Possibly I was depriving Jan-Elizabeth of her last chance to make a partial recovery. For all I knew I'd been wrong all along, and this was just a final piece of foolhardiness.

But maybe just being home would do more for her than physiotherapy.

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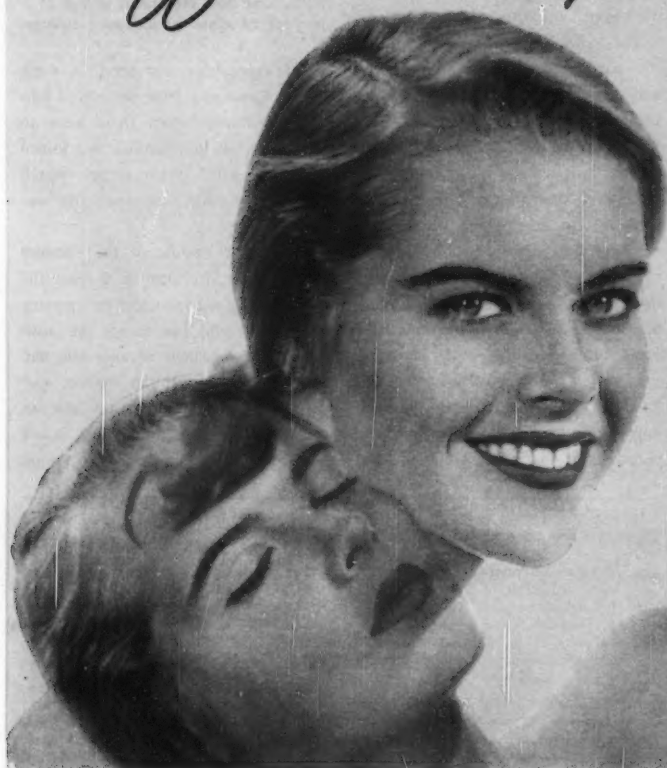
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Whatever happened, the die was cast.

It was now the middle of July, Jan still had to return to Hamilton twice a week for physiotherapy, but now we could look after her ourselves. She was doing a little better on her crutches, and by the end of August her arms were considerably stronger.

I had been doing a lot of thinking and finally I said to Charles, "I know you'll think I'm crazy, but I think Jan could go back to school next month. Jan-Elizabeth needs to be with young people of her own age, not cooped up with me all day."

The school principal was dubious but willing to give the plan a trial and Jan-Elizabeth was accepted as a fourth-form student. She would only have the strength to go half days. Charles would carry her up the school stairs every morning, and pick her up at noon. One of the boys would carry her books.

Jan immediately became immersed in student affairs. She became accompanist for the senior choir, and once again became active in the sorority. For a year either Charles or her brother Doug carried her up and down stairs at school. She had dispensed with the wheel chair as soon



Off to school, teacher Jan-Elizabeth sets out from home near Niagara Falls, Ont. She graduated in top 25 percent of class at teacher's college.

as she came home for good. A week before Christmas 1954 we moved into the new house, where there were no more stairs to be climbed. We joined the little white Presbyterian church just up the road, and Jan's life was complete.

About the middle of the summer the minister dropped in to say the young organist would be leaving shortly. Would Jan accept the position? She hesitated because she had never played an organ before, and she knew she wouldn't be able to use the pedals, but after trying it out she found she could do a pretty good

Best Buys See pages 26-28.

The fashions on pages 26 to 28 are available at the stores below, and others.

Starcraft dress—Eaton's, Toronto; Hamilton and Ottawa; Foster's Fashion Shop, Hamilton and Guelph; Margaret Shaw, Calgary; Saba Brothers and Sandra's, Vancouver; Scurrah's, Victoria.

Louis Schrier suit—Lessard and Frères, Chicoutimi, Que.; Joan Rigby, Toronto; Madame Saint-Victor, Montreal; Blanche Buchanan, Saskatoon; Straith's, Victoria; Chapman's, Vancouver.

Junior Sophisticates suit—Liberty Women's Wear, Hamilton; Goodman's, Joy Frocks, Toronto; Fraid's, Lilette's, Montreal; May Galbraith, Winnipeg; J. David, Fashionwise, Vancouver; Emile's, Calgary.

Lou Larry suit—Arcade Shop, Halifax; Morgan's, Montreal; Simpson's, Eaton's, Toronto; G. W. Robinson, Hamilton; Hudson's Bay, Eaton's, and Simpson's in the West; Woodward's, Vancouver.

Town and Country dress—New York Dress, Halifax; Simon's, Quebec City; Elizabeth Hager, Montreal; Tish, Toronto; Seventeen, Winnipeg; Emile's, Calgary; Fashion Dress, Edmonton.

Junior Sophisticates dress—Elizabeth Hager and Simon's, Montreal; May Company and Tish, Toronto; May Galbraith, Winnipeg.

Mr. Mort dress—Fraid's, Montreal; Pollock's, Quebec City; Foster's, Toronto; Blanche Buchanan's, Saskatoon; Johnstone-Walker, Edmonton; Madame Runge, Vancouver.

Gerry Golden dress—Morgan's, Montreal; Simpson's and Joy Frocks, Toronto; Hudson's Bay stores in the west.

Wilson coat—Eaton's, Simpson's and

Ogilvy's, Montreal; Foster's, Eaton's, Simpson's, Toronto; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Parisienne, Calgary; Hudson's Bay, Edmonton; Eaton's, Vancouver.

Irving Samuel coat—Mills Brothers, Halifax, N.S.; McCurdy's, Sydney, N.S.; Steacy's, Kingston, Ont.; Mitchell's, Welland, Ont.; Bartlet, McDonald and Gow, Windsor, Ont.; Simon Ramm, Toronto; Fortin's, Three Rivers, Que.; Simon's, Quebec City; Rayfells Ltd., Sherbrooke, Que.

Lou Larry dress—Arcade Shop, Halifax; Morgan's, Montreal; Simpson's, Eaton's, Toronto; G. W. Robinson, Hamilton; Hudson's Bay, Eaton's and Simpson's in the west; Woodward's, Vancouver.

Lassie coat—Antecol, Verdun, Quebec; Dalmy's, Montreal; J. J. Crosier, Stratford, Ont.

Irving Samuel suit—Mills Brothers, Halifax, N.S.; McCurdy's, Sydney, N.S.; Steacy's, Kingston, Ont.; Mitchell's, Welland, Ont.; Bartlet, McDonald and Gow, Windsor, Ont.; Simon Ramm, Toronto; Fortin's, Three Rivers, Que.; Simon's, Quebec City; Rayfells Ltd., Sherbrooke, Que.

Barrie Lee suit—Mills Brothers, Halifax; Jacobson's, Sidney, N.S.; Calps, Saint John, N.B.; H. Thivierge, Quebec City; Dalmy's, Montreal; Foster's, Toronto; Liberty Women's Wear, Hamilton.

Gordon coat—Mills Brothers, Halifax; A. J. Freiman, Ottawa; Morgan's, Montreal; Eaton's, Toronto; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Chapman's, Vancouver.

On the cover: pink silk tussah shirtdress—a Helen Howell design for Lew Shedlack.



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Made of the lightest deep-looped mohair, hand-finished . . . you'll find them at fine shops everywhere!

Look for the name Kitten!

job. Playing the organ was a wonderful incentive to Jan and she trained the junior choir of about thirty voices.

That year Jan received her junior-matriculation diploma. Still with crutches and braces, she walked across the stage and clutched the precious piece of paper she had worked so hard to get. The applause paid tribute to her courage.

Jan-Elizabeth began taking piano pupils and soon was teaching every afternoon after school, and all Saturday morning. She thrived on the challenges hurled at her. The day came when she was able to mount the stairs at the high school alone. She completed her fifth year and received her upper-school diploma. She passed her final music examinations with honors. She was awarded the Home-and-School Association Scholarship, the Senior Public Speaking Cup and the Music Award. Even in perfect health, she could have hoped for no more.

Ever since she was a youngster, Jan-Elizabeth had wanted to be a schoolteacher. During the tragedy of her illness, and the anxiety of her convalescence, this ambition had been pushed into the background. Now many of her friends were going on to teacher's college. Why not Jan?

My suggestion was met with a barrage of reasons why such a thing could not be. Teacher's college is rigorous for the most hardy individual. How would her health stand the strain? She could make a good living teaching piano, so why tackle something else?

But Jan was confident. We made up our minds. But we had not studied all the angles. We thought that having

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her senior matriculation was enough. It was a shock to discover that Jan would also have to have a medical examination.

Would she be accepted?

While the physician was most fair, he couldn't minimize the fact that she was wearing braces on both legs, and using crutches. Still, her general health¹ was excellent. The Department of Education gave its approval.

But there were more problems to face. The authorities had to be assured not only that Jan could get around under her own power, but that she would be capable of handling a class under all circumstances, including emergencies. There was also the matter of physical education to be considered, an essential part of a teacher's work.

She was asked many questions, probing deep into her desire to teach; how she would deal with a sick child; what she would do in a crisis, such as a fire; how she would enforce discipline. She had to show how she would handle work at the board, and seat work, how rapidly she could navigate the stairs, and finally she was asked to play the piano.

We went through another agony of waiting. One day we would feel sure Jan-Elizabeth would be accepted; the next, we could think of a hundred and one reasons why she might be turned down. Finally, when we felt we couldn't go through another day of uncertainty, the answer came: she had been accepted.

Elated, Jan decided she would like to have something extra to offer, and enrolled in a summer course for public-school choral work, in Toronto. With the same steadfastness she had shown so many times before, she completed the course with flying colors, sped through the one-year course at teacher's college and graduated in the top twenty-five percent of the class. Today she teaches Grade Three at a school just outside Niagara Falls.

Jan-Elizabeth must still walk with braces and crutches, but every week there is a noticeable strengthening of her muscles, even in the left leg which was considered to be so hopeless at the beginning. And today my daughter looks forward to a future bright with promise—a future the doctors, just five years ago, were certain polio had snuffed out.

Every time I look at Jan-Elizabeth I feel very humble in the face of such faith, fortitude and courage. ♦



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Michyl Paul's hands. Only upper hand was given Jergens care.

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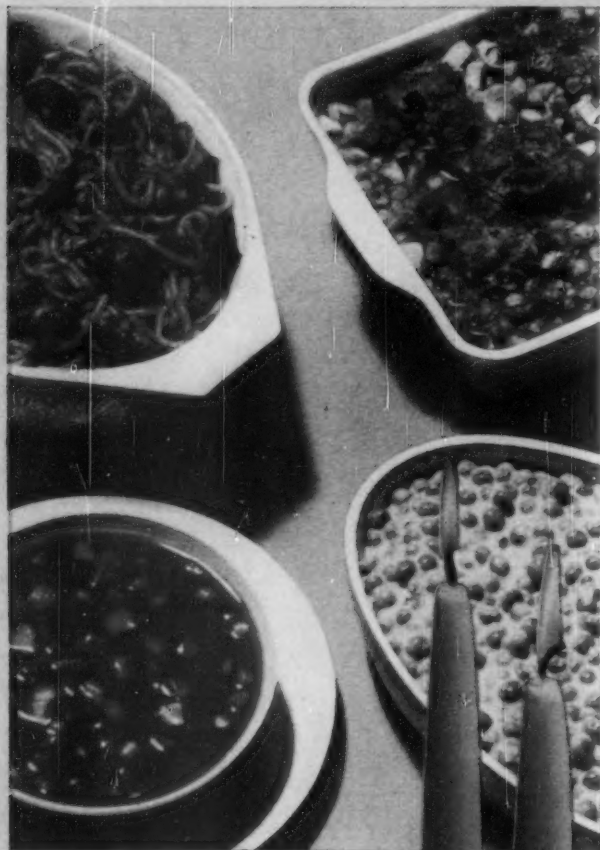
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TOMATO CORN CASSEROLE

In covered casserole: 2 c. Libby's Whole Kernel Corn, (drained) 3½ c. Libby's Whole Tomatoes, 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper, 1 tbsp. chopped onion, salt, pepper, paprika, 1 tbsp. brown sugar. Bake 30 min., 400°. Cover with white sauce, made with 1 c. vegetable liquid. Top with cheese. Bake 15 min. 450°

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In saucepan, combine 2 cups of Libby's Garden Vegetables, including liquid, with 2½ cups of Libby's Tomato Juice. Heat to boiling and season with salt and pepper. The most appetizing, satisfying vegetable soup you ever tasted. Wonderful for Lenten meals.

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Heat one can condensed mushroom soup till smooth. Drain 2 cans Libby's Peas and add. Heat through. Delightful flavor medley! Good for lunch over toast, or as a de luxe vegetable at any meal. Libby's sweet and tender peas are the most delicious ever!

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Saute ½ lb. bulk sausage till cooked. Add drained can of mushrooms, minced onion, salt and pepper. Cook till onion is tender, then add 2 tins of Libby's Spaghetti. 4 servings. (Libby's is the spaghetti with the cheddar cheese sauce.)



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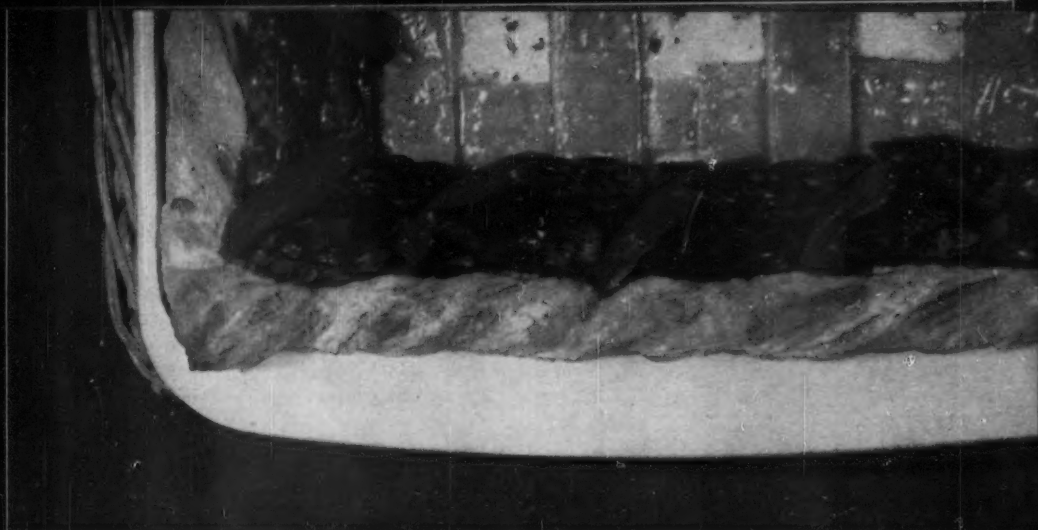
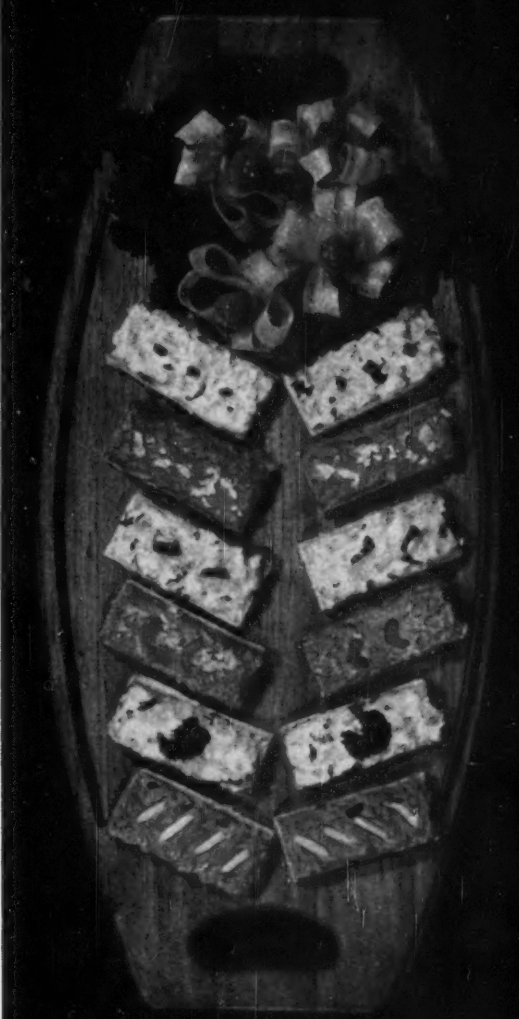
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HAM-AND-YAM PLATTER

50 FAVORITE FAMILY RECIPES

For the ninth year, winners of Chatelaine's annual recipe contest share the best dishes from their family recipe files with us—and you

RECIPES SELECTED AND TESTED BY CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

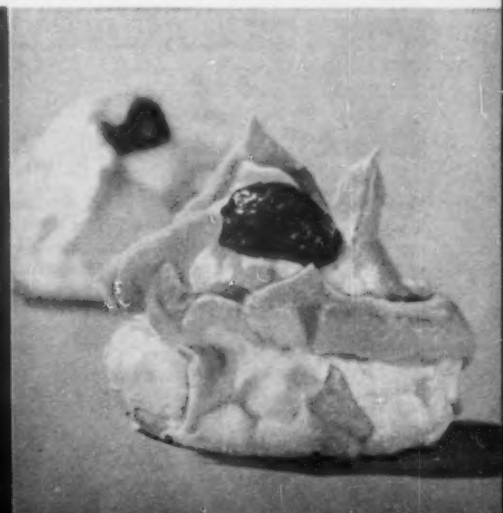
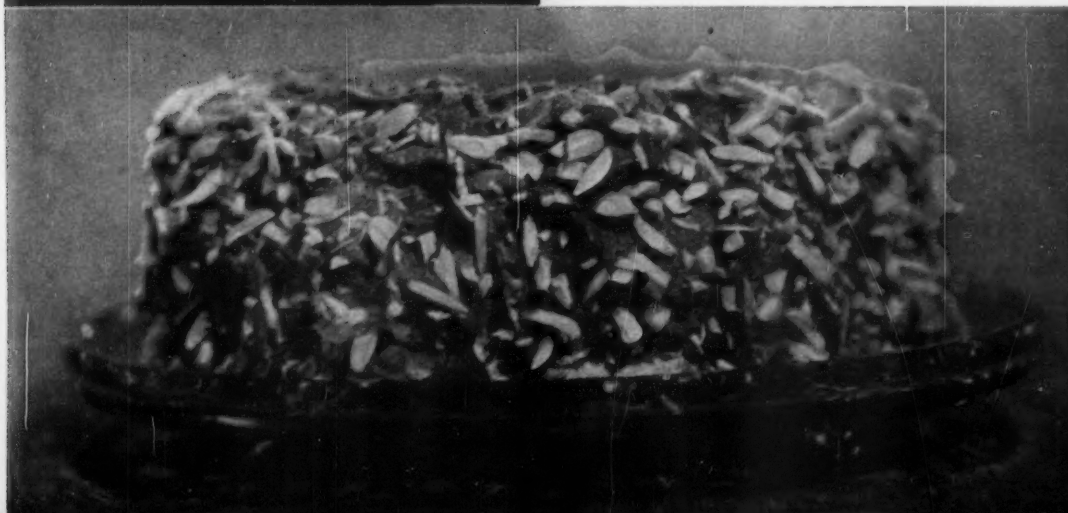
Photographs by Peter Croydon

Recipes begin on the next page

CHEF'S SKILLET SALAD

CHOCOLATE CREAM TORTE

SNOW-CAPPED PRUNES



Starting here — favorite family recipes from readers across Canada

TO OUR READERS who helped make this ninth collection of Favorite Family Recipes one of the most interesting yet, we say a warm thank you. Nearly four thousand entered the contest to give us a wonderfully wide basis of selection. This year you'll find a new category—TV and Party Snacks. We hope you'll enjoy discovering and sampling these

favorite entertaining foods of other Canadian families. This year, as in the past, several male cooks braved the contest—one with a prize-winning casserole. All the winning recipes have, of course, been tested in the Chatelaine Institute kitchen. And to all of you—the fifty prize winners whose recipes appear here—we offer our heartiest congratulations.

MEATS AND FISH

FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$25 HAM-AND-YAM PLATTER

Mrs. L. A. Longmoor, Marquette, Man.

3 freshly cooked yams (peeled and mashed)
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon brown sugar
½ teaspoon grated orange rind
2 tablespoons dry bread or cracker crumbs (if needed)
2 teaspoons melted butter

½ cup coconut
6 slices canned pineapple, drained
2-pound ham slice, cooked or uncooked
Whole cloves
¼ cup pineapple juice
¼ cup orange juice

Combine yams, salt, brown sugar and orange rind. Shape into 6 balls. Add bread crumbs if too moist to shape. Roll in a mixture of butter and coconut. Place one in the centre of each pineapple ring and set aside. Score fat edge of ham and stick with cloves. Place in a shallow, open greased baking pan. Add juices. If ham is ready-to-eat, heat and baste at 350 degrees F. for 15 minutes. If tenderized-uncooked, bake and baste for 35 minutes. Remove from the oven and top with the pineapple and yam balls. Baste again and return to the oven for 15 minutes or until coconut is golden. Serves 6.



GOLDEN HONEY BAKED CHICKEN

Mrs. Neil Harris, St. Boniface, Man.

1 frying chicken, cut up
¼ cup butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup liquid honey

¼ cup prepared mustard
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon ginger

Wipe the meaty pieces of the chicken. (Save the back, neck and giblets for soup stock.) Melt the butter in a shallow baking dish or broiling pan. Arrange chicken, skin side down in the butter and sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt. Mix remaining salt with the honey, mustard, lemon juice and ginger. Brush the chicken with this mixture. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes, brushing occasionally with the honey sauce. Turn chicken and bake 30 minutes longer, continuing to brush with the sauce. Makes 3 to 4 servings.



MARINATED PORK TENDERLOIN

Mrs. U. S. Giffen, Lethbridge

1½ pounds pork tenderloin in the piece
2 tablespoons oil
¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

2 teaspoons soy sauce
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ teaspoon ground ginger

Heat oil and vinegar together. Add remaining ingredients and pour over the meat. Let stand in the refrigerator overnight. Turn the meat over once or twice while marinating. Transfer meat and marinade to a small roast or bake pan. Bake at 300 degrees F. for 1¼ hours. Baste occasionally. Add a tablespoon or two of water if liquid evaporates. Serve hot or chill and slice thinly for sandwiches.



PRETZEL-STUFFED CHICKEN

Mrs. Kathleen F. Powell, Vancouver

3-pound frying chicken
1 small chopped onion
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 cups coarsely chopped pretzels
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning or savory

½ teaspoon celery salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
¼ teaspoon thyme
½ cup chicken broth made with chicken bouillon cube

Prepare chicken for roasting. Sauté onion in butter until tender. Remove from heat and add remaining ingredients. If you like a more moist stuffing use 2/3 cup broth. Stuff chicken lightly, truss and spread breast with soft butter. Roast at 325 degrees F. for 1½ to 2 hours. Make a cream gravy with the pan drippings. Serves 3 or 4.



MUSHROOM-DRESSED FILLETS

Mrs. C. Russell Isnor, Halifax

2 pounds frozen fish fillets
1 can mushroom soup
10-ounce can sliced mushrooms
1 large onion, chopped
2 tablespoons lemon juice

1 tablespoon paprika
1 bay leaf, crushed
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 to 1½ cups moist poultry dressing

Place frozen fish in a buttered square baking dish. In a saucepan, combine the soup, mushrooms, onion, lemon juice, paprika, bay leaf, salt and pepper. Simmer for 10 minutes. Pour over and around fillets. Spread poultry dressing over the fish and dot with butter. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 35 to 40 minutes, or until fish is baked and crumbs brown. Bake only 25 minutes if fish is fresh or defrosted. Serves 6.



PAELLA

Mr. John Gibbard, Bridgewater, N.S.

1 pound chopped raw chicken
6 tablespoons salad oil or butter
4 cups water
1 teaspoon salt
1 large Spanish onion, chopped
1 or 2 cloves garlic, chopped
4 large tomatoes, peeled and diced OR 20-ounce tin tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup rice (long-cooking type)

1 medium-sized fresh cooked lobster OR 1 large tin lobster
½ pound fresh shrimp OR 7-ounce package frozen cooked shrimp
1 small tin octopus (if obtainable)
OR 1 small tin oysters, drained
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Sliced olives

Sauté the chicken in 2 tablespoons oil until light brown. Remove from the oil and cover with water. Simmer 10 minutes. Drain and save liquid. Cook the onion and garlic in the oil used for the chicken. Add the tomatoes and salt. Cook and stir 15 minutes. Keep hot for sauce. Fry rice in 2 tablespoons oil until light brown. Add chicken liquid to the rice. Cover and simmer until rice is tender and liquid absorbed. Stir often. Fry lobster, shrimp, octopus and oysters in remaining oil. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Add chopped parsley to rice and serve on a hot platter; spoon chicken and sea food on top. Garnish with sliced olives and pass the hot tomato sauce. Other shell fish may be substituted. Serves 4 to 6.



FAVORITE "PEMMICAN"

Mrs. Maryanne West, Gibsons, B.C.

½ pound lean side bacon
4 slices day-old white bread
1 pound lean ground beef
1 egg slightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt

¾ teaspoon pepper
¼ crushed bay leaf
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon rosemary

Put the bacon and bread through a meat grinder. Combine with the ground beef, egg and seasonings. Mix well. Pack into a lightly greased quart bowl or mold. Cover with foil or heavy waxed paper. Tie down tightly and steam on a rack in a covered pan for 3 to 4 hours. Serve either hot or cold. Especially good for sandwiches.

COQUILLES SAINT-JACQUES

Miss Micheline Payette, Outremont, Que.

¾ cup water
¼ cup sauterne
½ teaspoon salt
Pinch cayenne
¾ pound fresh scallops OR 1 12-ounce package frozen scallops
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 small onion, minced

½ clove garlic, minced
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 egg yolk
½ cup cream or evaporated milk
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¾ cup buttered fresh bread crumbs
2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese

Heat water, sauterne, salt and cayenne in a skillet. Add scallops and cover. Simmer 5 minutes (if frozen, 10 minutes). Drain and reserve liquid. Chop scallops and set aside. Melt butter in same skillet and add onions and garlic.

Continued on page 50



Jell-O says "Be my Valentine!"

WHO REMEMBERS party manners when Jell-O's for dessert! One Jell-O Valentine tastes so scrumptious, little guests can hardly wait to get their hands on a second helping!

So be prepared. Make heaps. Jell-O is such good eating! For your Valentine party (or to make any meal merrier) serve Jell-O.

JELL-O VALENTINES

(Makes 10 generous servings. For family use make half the recipe)

- | | |
|---|---|
| Two 3-oz. packages
Jell-O (any red flavor) | ½ cup sliced red
maraschino cherries |
| 2 cups hot water | ½ cup sliced green
maraschino cherries |
| 2 cups cold water | ½ cup sliced blanched
almonds (optional) |
| 1 cup whipping cream | |

Dissolve Jell-O in *hot* water. Add cold water. Pour half of Jell-O into 10 dessert glasses. Chill. Chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened. Whip the cream; fold into slightly thickened Jell-O along with fruit and nuts. Pile on top of Jell-O in glasses. Chill until set. Insert toothpicks into red paper heart place cards, and use to top desserts.



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DON'T LET THE WEEK GO BY WITHOUT



Sauté until tender. Stir in flour and reserved liquid. Cook until thickened. Add lemon rind and egg yolk mixed with the cream. Cook and stir 3 minutes. Add parsley and scallops. Spoon mixture into 5 or 6 scallop shells or small ramekins. Top with crumbs and cheese. Bake and brown 10 minutes at 400 degrees F.

SUPPER DISHES AND CASSEROLES

FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$25

CRUSTY CORNED-BEEF CASSEROLE

Mrs. A. E. Lepage, Halifax

2½ cups biscuit mix
Milk
12-ounce can corned beef
1½ cup chili sauce or ketchup
2 tablespoons chopped onion
12-ounce can asparagus cuttings OR
1 package frozen asparagus, cooked
Add milk to biscuit mix to form a soft dough. Roll out on a lightly floured board into a 12-inch square. Fit into bottom and sides of a greased 8x8-inch baking dish. Chop the corned beef and add the ketchup and onion. Spread over the dough. Drain the asparagus. Reserve a few tips for the top. Combine the remaining asparagus, eggs, parsley and cream sauce. Pour over the corned-beef mixture. Flute the biscuit-dough edge. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Set cheese strips on top, lattice fashion, and add a border of reserved asparagus. Return to the oven until cheese melts slightly. Serves 6.

CURRY BALLS

Mrs. Audrey Baxendale, Bamfield, B.C.

1 tablespoon butter
1 small onion, chopped
¾ pound lean ground beef
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground coriander
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup chopped onion
Brown and cook the onion in the butter until tender. Mix with the meat, spices and lemon juice. Form into small balls the size of walnuts. Brown in a little butter or dripping. Lift out and set aside. Brown 1 cup onion in the saucepan for a few minutes, then add the remaining ingredients including the meat balls. Cover and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking for 10 minutes. Serve over buttered noodles or rice with mango chutney.

CHINESE PORK

Mrs. E. Poore, Whitehorse, Yukon

1 pound lean pork shoulder, in one piece
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 chicken bouillon cube
1½ cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups carrots, sliced thinly
2 cups fresh Frenched green beans
OR 10-ounce package frozen
½ cup sliced celery
2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
¼ teaspoon ginger
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon soy sauce
3 or 4 cups hot, cooked rice

Cut pork into thin strips, 2 to 3 inches long. Cook slowly in hot oil until light brown, about 10 minutes. Add bouillon cube dissolved in boiling water, salt, carrots and green beans. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Add celery. Cover and cook 10 minutes. Mix lemon juice with ginger, cornstarch, sugar and soy sauce. Stir into the pork and vegetables. Cook until sauce is thick and clear. Serve at once over cooked rice. Makes 4 generous servings.

TASTY VEGETABLE STEW

Mrs. John T. Ayers, Fortune, F.B., Nfld.

4 or 6 slices salt pork or bacon ends
1 medium onion, chopped
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 cups chopped cabbage
1 cup chopped carrot
1 cup chopped turnip
½ cup chopped parsnip (optional)
2 large potatoes, cubed
¼ cup water

Render pork slices in a heavy saucepan. Cut slices in several pieces and return to the pan with the onion and pepper. Stir and cook slowly for 5 minutes. Add cabbage, carrots, turnips and parsnip. Cook for ½ hour stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon. Stir in potatoes and water. Cover closely and let steam for about 1 hour. Serve with freshly baked butter buns. Makes 4 generous servings.

SAUSAGE-RICE CREOLE

Mrs. Barbara Hamilton, Three Rivers, Que.

2 tablespoons butter
1 medium-sized onion, chopped
½ green pepper, chopped
1 stalk celery, sliced
15-ounce can tomatoes
1½ teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne
2 chili peppers, crushed
1 teaspoon brown sugar
1 can mushrooms
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 small cans Vienna sausage
1 package instant rice

Melt butter in a skillet. Add the onion, green pepper and celery. Stir and cook slowly until tender. Add tomatoes, salt, cayenne, chili and sugar. Cook for 15 minutes. Drain the mushrooms and add. Mix the cornstarch smoothly with the mushroom juice and stir into the sauce. Simmer until thickened. Add Vienna sausage sliced lengthwise. Heat for 5 minutes. Cook the rice according to package directions. Place rice in a chafing dish or casserole. Pour sauce over top. Serves 4 or 5 generously.

DUTCH OVEN DINNER

Mrs. Paul Bokshowan, Watson, Sask.

1½ pounds lean pork, cubed
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons fat
1 large onion, sliced
1 clove garlic, minced
20-ounce can sauerkraut
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon caraway seeds
¼ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon dill seed
¼ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup water

Dredge the pork with the flour, then brown in hot fat, using a large skillet or Dutch oven. Push meat aside in pan and sauté onion about 10 minutes, or until tender. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cover pan and simmer 1 hour or until meat is tender. Thicken liquids if desired.

SALMON CASSEROLE AU GRATIN

Mr. John Quail, Oakville, Ont.

6 slices side bacon
2 medium onions, chopped
1 clove garlic, chopped
5 tomatoes, peeled and quartered OR
15-ounce can tomatoes
½ eating apple, peeled and chopped
1 cup Madeira or dry white wine
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon tarragon
1 tablespoon butter
½ pound grated old Canadian Cheddar cheese
¼ cup milk
1-pound can sockeye salmon (bones removed)
4 eggs
1 cup bouillon
¾ pound elbow macaroni
½ cup buttered bread crumbs

Fry bacon until crisp. Lift out and drain. Add onions and garlic to the pan. Sauté until golden brown. Add crumbled bacon, tomatoes, apple, Madeira, salt, pepper and tarragon. Simmer uncovered for 20 minutes. Meanwhile, melt butter on low heat in a saucepan. Add cheese and milk. Stir until cheese is melted. Add salmon and eggs mixed with bouillon. Heat and stir for 5 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cook macaroni in boiling salted water for 5 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Combine the macaroni with the two sauces. Pour into a large greased casserole and cover with bread crumbs. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 25 minutes. Serves 8. Excellent reheated.

CELERY BEEF SUPPER DISH

Mrs. Leith Arbing, Howlan Stn., P.E.I.

2 slices side bacon, diced
½ pound ground beef
1 medium chopped onion
1 green pepper sliced
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon chili powder
1 tablespoon parsley flakes
2 cups egg noodles
10-ounce can celery soup
1 cup water
¼ cup chili sauce
¾ cup grated cheese

Fry bacon until crisp. Add beef and onion. Stir and cook until lightly browned. Add all ingredients except the cheese. Cover the pan and turn heat low. Let cook for 35 minutes. Uncover and sprinkle with cheese. Cover for 2 or 3 minutes longer or until cheese melts. Serve with fresh tomatoes or a tossed salad.

FATHER FAINTED

Mrs. George H. Pollock, Havelock, Ont.

3 medium onions, chopped
1 clove garlic, chopped
1 large green pepper, diced
1/3 cup olive oil
1 large egg plant, peeled and diced
28-ounce can tomatoes
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper

Sauté onions, garlic and green pepper in half the olive oil. Add diced egg plant. Pour tomatoes over all. Add salt, pepper and rest of olive oil. Simmer until really tender. Serve over boiled rice with fried ham. Serves 6 generously.

continued on page 52

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Continued from page 50

DESSERTS

FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$25

CHOCOLATE CREAM TORTE

Mrs. Mimi Higginbottom, Montreal



- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 4 eggs | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup fruit or berry sugar | 2 tablespoons cold water |
| 2 2/3 cup sifted all-purpose flour | 1/2 teaspoon vanilla or almond flavoring |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | |

Combine all ingredients at once in a mixing bowl. Beat at least 10 minutes or until fluffy and smooth. Divide mixture between 2 deep ungreased 8-inch layer-cake pans. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 15 minutes. Invert and cool on greased cake racks. Cut around the edges and remove from the pans. Fill and frost with Chocolate Cream.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

1 package chocolate-flavored instant pudding (or any flavor)
1 pint whipping cream
Sprinkle pudding powder over cream and beat at high speed for 2 minutes or until thick and smooth.

HONEY APPLE DUMPLINGS

Miss Evelyn Ballard, Hanley, Sask.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour | 20-ounce can unsweetened pineapple juice |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons cornstarch |
| 2 2/3 cup shortening | 1 1/3 cup honey |
| Milk | 1/4 cup butter |
| 6 cooking apples | 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| Honey, cinnamon and butter | |

Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Cut in the shortening. Add milk and stir until pastry holds together. Roll out on a lightly floured board into a rectangle, 10 by 20 inches. Cut into eight 5-inch squares. Peel and slice apples onto the centre of pastry squares. Drizzle each mound with honey, sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with butter. Fold corners to centre and pinch edges together. Prick with a fork. Arrange dumplings in a large greased baking dish. Mix the remaining ingredients together and cook over low heat until thickened. Pour over dumplings and bake at 375 degrees F. for 35 to 40 minutes or until apples are tender and pastry browned.



STRAWBERRY FLUFF PIE

Mrs. M. Fisher, Dorchester, N.B.

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1/4 cup liquid honey or corn syrup | 5 teaspoons cornstarch |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | Red food coloring |
| 1 teaspoon butter | 2 egg whites |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons orange juice |
| 1/4 teaspoon vanilla | 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar |
| 2 cups crushed corn flakes | 1/2 cup granulated sugar |
| 15-ounce package frozen strawberries defrosted | 1/4 teaspoon salt |

Cook honey, sugar, butter and salt together until mixture forms a soft ball in ice-cold water. Remove from heat and add vanilla. Pour over corn flakes and toss lightly. Press into an 8-inch greased pie pan. Cool. Drain the strawberries and set aside. Mix the juice with the cornstarch and cook until thick and clear. Add a dash or two of red food coloring and the strawberries. Spread strawberry mixture in the corn-flake crust. Let cool. Mix remaining ingredients in the top of a double boiler and beat until stiff, about 7 minutes. Remove from over hot water and beat until cool. Spread egg-white mixture over strawberries. Chill at least one hour. Garnish with fresh whole strawberries and whipped cream.

FROZEN PUMPKIN PIE

Mrs. Paul Bouclin, Elrose, Sask.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 10-inch deep crumb crust | 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 1/2 pint whipping cream | 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1 1/4 cups canned pumpkin | 2 tablespoons chopped candied ginger |
| 1 cup lightly packed brown sugar | 1 pint vanilla ice cream |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | |

Beat the cream until stiff. Mix the pumpkin, sugar, salt and spices together and fold into 1 cup of the whipped cream. Pour into the crumb crust and freeze until firm. Sprinkle with chopped ginger and spoon ice cream over the top. Press down with the back of a hot spoon. Decorate with a border of remaining whipped-cream rosettes forced through a pastry tube. Sprinkle centre with chopped ginger. Replace in the freezer until firm. Serves 7 or 8. Can be stored in freezer.



APPLE ALMOND PUDDING

Mrs. S. Wagstaff, Vancouver

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 4 medium-sized apples | 1 1/3 cup soft butter |
| 2 tablespoons water | 1 1/3 cup sugar |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice | 1 well-beaten egg |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | 1/2 cup minced almonds |
| 1 1/3 cup bread crumbs | |

Peel apples and cut into eighths. Place in a saucepan with the water and lemon juice. Cover and cook slowly until almost tender. Add 2 tablespoons sugar and the bread crumbs. Pour into a greased pudding dish or casserole. Mix remaining ingredients together and spread on top. Bake at 325 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold with butterscotch sauce.

NUT-TOPPED SPICY GINGERBREAD

Mrs. Patricia Flannigan, Lawn, Nfld.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 egg, well beaten | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 cup granulated sugar | 3/4 teaspoon ginger |
| 1/2 cup dark molasses | 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 1/4 cup melted butter | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1 cup milk | 3 tablespoons melted butter |
| 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour | 1/4 cup brown sugar |
| 3/4 teaspoon baking soda | 2 1/3 cup chopped walnuts |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | |

Mix the first five ingredients together thoroughly. Add sifted dry ingredients gradually, beating constantly. Mix the 3 tablespoons melted butter, brown sugar and nuts together, and spread in the bottom of a greased deep 8-inch square pan. Pour batter on top. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 40 to 50 minutes. Invert on a cake cooler and serve warm with hot rhubarb sauce.



PINEAPPLE SQUARES

Mrs. Mary Sklaruk, Yorkton, Sask.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1 10-ounce can crushed pineapple | 2 teaspoons baking powder |
| 5 medium apples, peeled and coarsely grated | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1/2 cup salad oil |
| 1/4 cup flour | 4 egg yolks |
| 2 tablespoons lemon juice | 1/4 cup orange juice |
| 2 3/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour | 4 egg whites |
| | 4 tablespoons sugar |
| | 1/2 cup desiccated coconut |

Mix the sugar and flour together. Add the pineapple and apples. Cook until thick. Add lemon juice and cool. Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Add the oil, egg yolks and orange juice mixed together. Stir to form a dough. Roll two thirds of dough out on a floured board to line bottom and sides of an 8 x 10-inch pan. Spread with pineapple filling, then cover with remaining dough rolled out to fit the top. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 35 minutes or until brown. Beat egg whites until stiff adding the sugar as for meringue. Spread over top of pastry and sprinkle with coconut and a little granulated sugar. Return to brown for 10 to 15 minutes. Cut in squares.

TV and PARTY SNACKS

FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$25

MARIGOLD SPREAD

Mrs. Reva G. Marshall, Truro, N.S.



- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1 tablespoon dry mustard | 1 1/3 cup butter |
| 1 tablespoon salt | 4 ounces nippy process cheese, diced |
| 2 tablespoons flour | 1 5-ounce can pimentos, drained and chopped |
| 3 tablespoons sugar | 4-ounce jar chopped olives, drained |
| 1 cup white wine vinegar | |
| 3 eggs | |
| 1 1/3 cup milk | |

Mix dry ingredients in the top of a double boiler. Stir in the vinegar and cook until thick and smooth. Add egg beaten with milk. Stir and cook for 3 minutes. Add butter, cheese, pimentos and olives. Cook until cheese melts. Chill and spread on crisp crackers or mix with chopped chicken, flaked salmon, tuna or minced ham, and spread on toast fingers. Keeps well in refrigerator.

CHICKEN ALMOND ROLL-UPS

Mrs. Charles Emmons, Halifax

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 8 slices buttered white bread | 1/2 cup chopped toasted almonds |
| 1 can cream chicken soup, undiluted | 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese |

Spread the buttered bread with soup (spread thickly). Sprinkle with almonds and cheese. Roll up each slice. Cut in half and hold with toothpicks. Toast under broiler about 5 minutes, turning during browning. Serves 4.

Continued on page 54

Shrimp Puff



Family favorite for Lenten meals

Here's a tempting casserole to perk up jaded Lenten menus — and a wonderful supper or party dish to add to your repertoire. It's simple (and easy) enough for a family meal, with a touch of sophistication to flatter your most discriminating guests. Fluffy and flavorful — with the bland flavor of eggs and bread to enhance the delicate flavor of the shrimp.

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SHRIMP PUFF

- 4 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups milk
- 1½ cups chopped, cooked shrimp
- 2 tablespoons chopped pepper
- 4 whole cooked shrimp for garnish

Combine soft bread crumbs, salt, pepper, paprika, beaten eggs, milk and chopped shrimp. Put 1 cup shrimp mixture in four greased individual casseroles. Place a whole shrimp and chopped green pepper over top of each. Set casseroles in a pan of warm water. Oven poach in a hot oven (400°F.) for thirty minutes.

Yield: 4 Shrimp Puff casseroles.

continued from page 52



HOT CORN MUFFINS

Mrs. R. E. Ewan, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

1/2 pound lean side bacon	2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	10-ounce can cream-style corn
3 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt	4 tablespoons melted shortening
2 tablespoons sugar	2 small cans tomato sauce

Grease 16 muffin tins. Fry bacon lightly. Drain and place one slice around the inside of each prepared muffin cup. Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Mix the eggs, corn, milk and melted shortening together. Stir quickly into the flour mixture. Do not beat. Spoon into muffin pans, filling two thirds full. Bake at 425 degrees F. for 20 minutes. Serve with heated tomato sauce.



BLUE CHEESE TWISTS

Mrs. U. Ralton, St. James, Man.

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1 egg yolk, well beaten
1/2 teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons milk
1/3 cup butter or margarine	1 egg white, slightly beaten
1/2 cup crumbled blue cheese	Sesame seeds

Measure the flour and salt into a bowl. Cut in the butter. Stir in the cheese then add the egg yolk mixed with the milk. Shape into a ball and chill in the refrigerator for about 1 hour. Roll out to 1/4-inch thickness and cut into strips 1/2 by 3 inches. Brush with egg white and sprinkle with sesame seeds. Twist and arrange on a lightly greased baking pan. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 10 minutes or until lightly browned.

CHICKEN LIVERS SUPRÊME

Mrs. Richard Avery, West Vancouver

1 pound chicken livers	Dash Tabasco
2 tablespoons butter	7-ounce can steak sauce with mushrooms
1 tablespoon flour	3 tablespoons sherry
1 tablespoon chopped onion	
1/2 teaspoon salt	

Cut chicken livers in half and sauté slowly in melted butter until lightly browned. Stir in the flour, onion, salt and Tabasco. Add the steak sauce. Cover and cook until livers are tender, about 10 minutes. Remove from heat and add sherry. Pour into a chafing dish and keep hot. Serve over toast points or melba toast. Serves 6.



PARTY SNACK

Mrs. T. Kunstler, Winnipeg

8-ounce package cream cheese	1 1/2 teaspoons caraway seeds
1/4 cup soft butter	2 teaspoons capers, drained
1 teaspoon paprika	1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard	2 teaspoons chopped onion or chives
1/2 teaspoon onion salt	

Beat together well. Chill for several hours to blend flavors. Bring from refrigerator to soften and then spread on thinly sliced pumpernickel bread. Garnish with sliced olives.

CARAWAY SEED TREATS

Mrs. Verna C. Hartz, Winnipeg

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	2/3 cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder	1/4 cup melted butter
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon brown sugar
1/2 cup granulated sugar	1 tablespoon corn syrup
1/3 cup corn meal	2 teaspoons caraway seeds
1/2 cup shortening	

Mix dry ingredients in a bowl. Cut in shortening until fine. Add milk and stir with a fork. Knead slightly and roll out to 3/8-inch thickness. Cut into 2-inch rounds. Grease 16 muffin pans well. Mix butter, brown sugar, syrup and caraway seeds together. Add a teaspoon of this mixture to each pan. Set dough rounds on top and bake at 400 degrees F. for 10 to 12 minutes. To remove from pans turn upside down on wax paper. Serve warm.



SMÖRGASBORD CHICKEN BALLS

Mrs. H. Fjoser, Regina

1 envelope unflavored gelatine	1/4 teaspoon celery salt
Juice of 1/2 lemon	1 teaspoon onion juice
1 cup hot chicken broth OR	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 chicken bouillon cube in	1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 cup boiling water	2 hard-cooked eggs, grated
2 1/2 cups diced cooked chicken	1/4 cup chopped parsley

Soften gelatine in the lemon juice and dissolve in the hot broth. Add the chicken and seasonings. Chill until thickened. Form into small balls and roll in the grated egg and parsley mixed together. Chill until serving time. Serve with other smörgasbord foods OR make balls the size of large walnuts and serve with an avocado salad and hot bread.

CAKES AND COOKIES



FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$25

SNOW-CAPPED PRUNES

Mrs. Ivy Johnson, Brantford, Ont.

40 prunes	2 egg whites
12 maraschino cherries (well drained)	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup chopped walnuts	1/2 cup fine granulated sugar
	1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Rinse prunes and place in a sieve or steamer over boiling water. Cover and steam 10 minutes. Cool and remove pits. Chop prunes and cherries roughly. Stir in the nuts. With damp fingers, shape the mixture into 24 small balls. Beat egg whites and salt together until stiff. Add sugar slowly and continue beating until sugar has melted. Add vanilla. Coat each fruit ball completely with meringue. Lift onto a greased baking sheet. Garnish with half a maraschino cherry. Bake at 275 degrees F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool and remove with a spatula.



ORANGE PEEL CRESCENTS

Mrs. David Stampton, St. John's, Nfld.

2 hard-cooked egg yolks	2 tablespoons minced candied orange peel
3/4 cup fruit or berry sugar	2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 raw egg yolk	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup soft butter	Egg white, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon lemon juice	

Drop egg yolks into simmering water and cook until firm. Drain and rub through a sieve. Add sugar, raw egg yolk, butter and orange peel. Mix well. Stir in sifted flour and salt. Chill dough about 2 hours. Pinch off pieces of dough and roll into fingers about 2 inches long and 1/2 inch in diameter. Dip into egg white, then into sugar. Place on greased cookie sheets and shape into crescents. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 10 to 15 minutes or until golden brown.



HEATHER CAKE

Mrs. Palmer Hackle, Redcliff, Alta.

3/4 cup butter and shortening, mixed	2 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups fruit or berry sugar	1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup cornstarch	1 cup milk
2 cups sifted cake flour	6 egg whites, beaten stiff

Grease and flour three 8-inch layer-cake pans. Cream butter and shortening thoroughly. Add sugar gradually. Stir in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Divide batter into thirds. Add 1/2 teaspoon almond extract to one third; 1 1/2 teaspoons grated orange rind and a dash of yellow coloring to the second part; and stir pink coloring and a dash of rose flavoring into the remaining third. Pour into prepared cake pans. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 20 minutes. Cool and put layers together with Cream Filling. Frost with Orange Frosting.

CREAM FILLING

Heat 1 1/2 cups milk in the top of a double boiler. Mix 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup flour, 1/2 cup cold milk and 4 egg yolks together. Stir into the hot milk. Cook until thickened. Add a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool before spreading.

ORANGE FROSTING

Mix together, 1/4 cup soft butter, 2 egg yolks, 3 tablespoons orange juice and 1 teaspoon orange rind. Stir in 2 cups sifted icing sugar or enough to make a spready consistency.



CRANBERRY SQUARES

Mrs. Aubrey W. Mossman, Upper Kingsburg, N.S.

1/2 cup soft butter	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour	1 teaspoon almond flavoring
2 tablespoons icing sugar	1/3 cup chopped raisins
2 eggs	1/2 cup desiccated coconut
1 cup fine white sugar	1/2 cup chopped almonds OR
1/3 cup sifted all-purpose flour	Brazil nuts
1/4 teaspoon salt	2/3 cup cranberry sauce

Mix the first three ingredients together and spread in the bottom of a greased 8-inch square pan. Beat eggs thoroughly and add sugar, sifted dry ingredients and flavorings. Stir in remaining ingredients and spread mixture evenly over the crust. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Cool and frost with lemon-flavored butter icing.

VIENNESE PECAN SQUARES

Miss Dolores Riendeau, Montreal

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour	1/2 cup red-currant jelly
1/2 cup butter	4 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons granulated sugar	1/4 teaspoon salt

continued on page 56

Deluxe Assortment!

PEAS À LA HOLLANDAISE

Reduce over direct heat 1 tbsp. cold water, 1 tbsp. vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, a dash of white pepper. Place pan over boiling water. Stir in two egg yolks. Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter or margarine. When sauce is smooth, remove from fire and stir in 1 tsp. lemon juice. Heat and drain 15 oz. tin Aylmer Fancy Assorted Peas. Fold into golden Hollandaise. Serve hot with planked fish.



AYLMER FANCY ASSORTED PEAS
*are the daintiest peas in the pod...
always sweet and fresh as sunshine!*

> LOOK FOR THESE WORDS ON THE LABEL > ASSORTED SIZES

and enjoy peas that are perfectly tender, sweet and delicious—every time! Aylmer Fancy Assorted Peas are the finest quality peas, grown from specially-selected seeds. That's why they always have that *sunshine-fresh* Aylmer flavour. Treat yourself to some soon!

Sunshine fresh...that Aylmer Flavour

Tempting Sugar 'n' spice BUNS



Easy to make...
delicious piping hot!

Whether you serve them fresh from the oven for tea-time snacks, or toasted and generously buttered for breakfast, the whole family will cheer when you serve delicious, fragrant Sugar 'n' Spice Buns. They're easy to make, too, with Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast... so when you bake at home why not surprise your family with this sugar 'n' spice treat?

SUGAR 'N' SPICE BUNS Makes 32 buns

Wash and dry
¾ cup seedless raisins
¾ cup currants

Scald
1 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in
½ cup shortening
½ cup granulated sugar

Cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a large bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of
2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
Sift together 3 times
2 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ground cloves

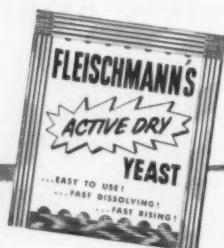
Stir the lukewarm milk mixture and
1 well-beaten egg
into the yeast mixture.

Stir in the sifted dry ingredients and beat until smooth and elastic. Stir in the fruits and beat well.

Work in
2½ cups more (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough until smooth and elastic.
Place in a greased bowl and brush lightly with melted butter or margarine.
Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draft and let rise until doubled in bulk—about 1½ hours. Punch down dough. Divide dough in half. Form each half of dough into a roll 16 inches long. Cut each roll into 16 pieces. Form into balls and place 16 balls in each of two greased 8-inch square cake pans.
Brush liberally with melted butter or margarine.

Combine
½ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
and sprinkle buns with this mixture. Cover and let rise until a little more than doubled in bulk—about 1¼ hours. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, 30 to 35 minutes.



Needs no refrigeration
Always active, fast rising

Keeps fresh for weeks

continued from page 54
½ cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon cold water
1 cup ground pecans

¾ cup crushed vanilla wafers
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon grated orange rind

Line an 8 x 12 x 2-inch pan with foil. Mix the first three ingredients together until crumbly and pat into the pan. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 15 minutes or until light brown. Remove from oven and spread with jelly. Beat egg whites and salt until stiff. Beat egg yolks until thick and add sugar and water gradually. Continue beating until light. Add remaining ingredients then fold in the egg whites. Pour over bottom crust. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Let cool for ½ hour. Slide out of the pan while still on the foil and let cool completely. Cut in small squares, frost and decorate.



SOUR-CREAM HONEY CAKE

Mrs. I. Kosoris, Fort William

½ cup butter	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)	½ teaspoon salt
4 eggs yolks	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup liquid honey	1 cup thick sour cream
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1 cup finely chopped walnuts
1½ teaspoons baking soda	4 egg whites

Cream butter and sugar together until fluffy. Add egg yolks one at a time and beat until very light. Add honey and sifted dry ingredients alternately with the sour cream. Stir in the nuts. Fold batter into stiffly beaten egg whites. Spoon into 2 greased loaf pans and bake at 325 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Lower heat to 300 degrees F. and continue baking 15 minutes longer. Cool.



FRUIT CRUMB COOKIES

Mrs. A. Moran, Timmins, Ont.

1¾ cups chopped dried apricots	¼ teaspoon salt
1¾ cups water	2 cups quick-cooking oats
1 cup chopped dates	¾ cup dark-brown sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice	¾ cup melted butter OR margarine
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	¼ cup corn syrup
1 teaspoon baking soda	1 teaspoon vanilla

Soak apricots in water for several hours or overnight—or simmer one hour. Add dates and simmer until very thick (about 20 minutes). Add lemon juice and cool. Sift flour, soda and salt into a bowl. Add oats and sugar. Mix butter, syrup and vanilla together. Stir into the dry ingredients to make coarse crumbs. Drop the cooled fruit mixture by teaspoons into the crumbs. Roll until well coated. Place on greased cookie sheet and decorate with glazed cherries, sliced dates or nuts. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 15 minutes or until golden brown. Makes 5 dozen.



PARTY FRUITCAKE

Mrs. Ida Campbell, Kamloops

1 pound sultana raisins	5 cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ pound mixed cut peel	2 teaspoons baking powder
1 pound candied cherries, halved	1 teaspoon salt
6-ounce jar maraschino cherries, drained and halved	1 pound butter
1 cup halved blanched almonds	2 cups white sugar
4 slices candied pineapple, diced	5 eggs, well beaten
1 cup sliced gumdrops (omitting black)	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups desiccated coconut	1 teaspoon almond extract
	Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
	Maraschino juice
	13-ounce can apricot juice

Prepare and mix the fruits, gumdrops and nuts together the night before. Next day, dredge the fruit with 1 cup of the sifted flour. Sift remaining flour with the baking powder and salt. Cream butter, sugar and eggs together. Mix in extracts and rind and juice of lemon. Add the dry ingredients alternately with liquids. Stir in the floured fruit. Mix well. Pour into two greased, lined cake pans, 8 x 8 x 3 inches. Bake at 300 degrees F. for 2½ hours, then 1½ hours at 275 degree F. or until centre is firm. Makes two 5-pound cakes.



BANANA TORTE


Mrs. M. Vajs, Montreal

8 egg whites	1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt	3 medium ripe bananas, mashed
1 cup fruit or berry sugar	1 cup finely crushed cinnamon wafers
8 egg yolks	
1½ teaspoons grated orange rind	

Grease the bottoms of two deep 9-inch layer-cake pans and line with circles of greased wax paper OR grease and flour the bottom of an angel-cake pan. Do not grease sides of pan. Beat egg whites and salt until stiff. Add ½ cup sugar gradually and continue beating until very firm peaks form. Set aside. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add remaining sugar gradually and beat until sugar has dissolved. Blend in flavorings, banana and crushed wafers,



gilvie QUICK COOKING OAT CEREAL


 atmeal made with Ogilvie Oat Cereal, either Instant or Quick Cooking, is the most nourishing cereal you can serve your family. Supplies much needed nourishment and energy the whole morning through! Costs only a penny a serving.

A cinch to prepare, you just add Ogilvie Quick Cooking Oat Cereal to boiling water and boil for 3 to 5 minutes.

If nourishment is important for *your* family, serve Ogilvie Oat Cereal . . . often! Try it with bananas for a change.

Available in both types—Instant and Quick Cooking.





The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its nutrition values, including the important Bio-flavonoids and Protopectins. These values are largely strained out of frozen orange juice.



So always eat whole fresh oranges and drink whole fresh orange juice.

Caution: When you squeeze fresh orange juice, don't (except for baby) strain out the delicious solids that contain the valuable Bio-flavonoids.



Sunkist FRESH ORANGES & LEMONS
Trade Mark Registered

The Sunkist Trade Mark stamped on the skin of the fruit is your guarantee of the finest from California-Arizona. Accept nothing less.

then fold in the egg-white mixture. Fill pans and bake at 325 degrees F. Allow 35 minutes for layer-cake pans and 60 minutes for angel-cake pan. Cool for 10 minutes, then invert on greased cake racks. When cold remove from pans and put layers together and frost with coffee-flavored butter cream. Decorate with shaved chocolate. Keeps well in the refrigerator.

TURKISH DELIGHT CAKE

Mrs. A. Turner, Winnipeg

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup margarine | 4 egg whites |
| 1 egg yolk | 1 cup sifted icing sugar |
| 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour | 1 cup chopped, blanched almonds |
| 2 tablespoons fine granulated sugar | Juice of 1 lemon |
| 1 pound Turkish delight (lemon, orange and mint flavors) | 1/4 teaspoon almond extract |

Mix margarine, egg yolk, flour and granulated sugar together. Press into a greased 8- or 9-inch square pan. Cover with the Turkish delight cut in small pieces. Beat egg whites until stiff. Add icing sugar slowly then fold in the nuts, juice and flavoring. Spread evenly over Turkish delight. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 40 to 50 minutes. Brush with melted butter and cool. Cut in squares.

MISCELLANEOUS

FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$25



CHEF'S SKILLET SALAD

Mrs. C. A. E. Church, Toronto

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1/4 cup salad oil | 1/2 pound soft, sliced salami (cut in strips) |
| 2 tablespoons flour | 2 cups cooked chicken cut in 1/2-inch strips |
| 1/2 teaspoon garlic salt | 6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered |
| 1/4 teaspoon black pepper | 2 celery stalks, sliced |
| 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard | 1/2 pound sliced natural Swiss cheese, cut in strips |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 2 large tomatoes, cut in thin wedges or sliced |
| 1 teaspoon onion salt | |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | |
| 1 teaspoon prepared mustard | |
| 1 cup water | |
| 1/3 cup vinegar | |

Heat salad oil in a 12-inch skillet. Remove from heat and stir in the dry ingredients. Add prepared mustard, water and vinegar. Stir until smooth then cook until thickened, over low heat. Add salami and chicken, then layers of remaining ingredients in order given. Remove from heat and toss gently. Serve immediately with hot popovers or toast. Serves 8 to 10 generously.

RED SALAD DRESSING

Mrs. Harvey Bird, Cartwright, Labrador

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup white sugar | 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese |
| 1 cup ketchup | 2 medium-sized onions, grated |
| 1 cup salad oil | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 cup cider or malt vinegar | 1 teaspoon dry mustard |

Measure all ingredients into a large screw-top quart sealer. Shake well. Chill for 6 hours to blend flavors. Shake before using and toss with salad greens.



MOCHA CHIP FUDGE

Mrs. George McNeill, Coldbrook, N.B.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1/4 cup cocoa, sifted | 1/4 cup butter |
| 3 cups granulated sugar | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup chopped pecans |
| 2 tablespoons corn syrup | 1 package butterscotch chips |
| 1 1/2 cups milk | |

Combine first five ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to a boil stirring constantly. Cook without stirring until soft-ball stage (238 degrees). Remove from heat. Add butter and vanilla. Do not stir. Cool to lukewarm. Beat until mixture loses gloss. Add nuts, chips. Spread in a greased pan. Cool and cut in squares.



CHEESE MUSHROOM SOUP

Mrs. Robert Leveille, Restigouche Co., N.B.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon butter | 1 can mushroom soup |
| 1/4 cup finely chopped celery | 3/4 cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon chopped onion | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup water | 1/8 teaspoon curry powder |
| 1/2 cup diced mild or medium old Cheddar cheese | Chopped parsley |

Fry celery and onion slowly in butter until tender. Add water and cheese. Heat until cheese melts. Stir in remaining ingredients and reheat thoroughly. Do not boil. Sprinkle with parsley. Serves 4. A good way to use leftover cheese.

FROZEN CREAM CHEESE SAUCE

Mrs. D. E. Fisher, Dorchester, N.B.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| 1/2 cup cottage cheese | 2 tablespoons sherry |
| 8-ounce package cream cheese | 1/2 pint whipping cream, stiffly beaten |
| 1 cup fruit or berry sugar | 2 eggs, separated |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | |

Force the cottage cheese through a sieve. Add the egg yolks, cream cheese, sugar, salt and sherry. Beat until fluffy. Fold in the whipping cream. Beat egg whites until stiff. Combine gently with the cheese mixture. Pour into two freezer trays. Freeze until firm. Serve on steamed or baked pudding.

JELLIED HAM ROLLS

Mrs. C. Cranston, Calgary

6 slices lean cooked ham
4-ounce package cream cheese
1 teaspoon horse-radish sauce
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon salt
1 package lemon jelly powder
1½ cups boiling water
¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
Pinch cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon salt

2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
Make a paste of cheese, horse-radish, sauce and salt. Spread generously on ham slices. Roll up tightly and cut in half. Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Add vinegar, cayenne pepper and salt. Pour 2/3 cup in a small ring mold. Chill until firm. Cover with egg slices and ham rolls. Chill remaining jelly and when thickened pour over the ham rolls. Let set.

GREEN VEGETABLE SOUP

Mrs. Lynn Hilgendorff,
Val des Bois, Que.

3 tablespoons butter
2 small onions, finely chopped
8 cups boiling water
½ cup long-cooking rice
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 cups shredded spinach
½ cup chopped cabbage
½ cup grated carrot
¼ cup fresh green peas or
chopped parsley

1 beef or chicken bouillon cube
1 teaspoon summer savory
10-ounce can tomato soup
Melt butter in large saucepan. Add the onion. Stir and cook slowly until light brown. Add all ingredients except the soup. Cook slowly for 1 hour. Stir in the soup and reheat for 2 or 3 minutes. Dilute with boiling water if you like a thinner soup.

ALMOND CHERRY DAINTIES

Mrs. Michael Osadchuk,
Edmonton

2 tablespoons solid honey
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon almond flavoring
½ pound unblanched almonds,
chopped
½ cup finely chopped candied cherries
½ cup desiccated coconut
6 ounces semisweet dipping chocolate
1 tablespoon paraffin
Cream honey and butter together. Add flavoring, almonds, cherries and coconut. Chill and shape into fingers 2 inches by ½ inch thick. Chill again. Melt chocolate and paraffin over hot, not boiling water. Dip fingers quickly one at a time into chocolate. Drain, place on wax paper to harden. ♦



Easy
for any
party!



Measure ¼ cup flour into a small bowl; mix in ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon garlic salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ½ cup instant skim milk powder.



In an 8-cup casserole, arrange in shallow layers 6 thinly-sliced potatoes, 1 cup minced onion and milk powder mixture; dot each layer with its share of ½ cup butter.



Combine 1 can (20 ounces) mixed vegetable juices and 1 cup water. Pour over potatoes. Cover. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 1½ hours. Uncover and bake ¼ hour longer. Makes 10 servings.

You've never tasted

Scalloped Potatoes

like these!

A family favorite gets a brand new flavor treatment . . . thanks to a zesty combination of savory herbs, vegetable juices and dairy foods. This easy-to-make, easy-to-bake casserole adds a new taste experience to your entertaining and family dining.

Skim Milk Powder—so convenient and economical—adds built-in heartiness, with the healthful qualities of milk. They're made with Butter, too, and nothing can match Butter's natural, golden goodness, whatever you make or bake.

Try this tasty dish soon. And for more ways to use dairy foods, write for a free set of Marie Fraser's Recipe Booklets.

Dairy Foods  Service Bureau

DAIRY FARMERS OF CANADA
409 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.





FEBRUARY—HOT SPICED BEEF BOUILLON

2 large onions, chopped
1/2 clove garlic
1/4 cup butter
2 sprigs parsley
1 bay leaf
4 whole cloves
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 1/2 cups boiling water
1 bouillon cube
1 can consommé
1/2 cup dry red wine

Sauté onions and garlic in butter for 7 minutes. Remove garlic. Make a bouquet garni of parsley, bay leaf and cloves. Add with all remaining ingredients, except wine, to onions and simmer 30 minutes. Remove bouquet garni. Add wine and sprinkle with dehydrated celery flakes. Reheat gently. Serve in warmed mugs with pretzels, cheese bread sticks and Parmesan Rounds. Serves 6.

PARMESAN ROUNDS: Cut French stick in 1/4-inch slices. Spread with mixture of 1/4 cup mayonnaise and 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard. Sprinkle with sesame seeds and Parmesan cheese. Toast on greased cookie sheet at 400 deg. F. for 10 minutes.

Meals of the Month

Minute tips for flavor and fun...

Freeze lemon rinds (cut in half or quarters) in plastic bags — they're easier to grate. For a tangy sandwich spread, mix 1/4 cup ground pickled beets and 1 tablespoon horse-radish.

Stir two tablespoons rum or brandy into 2 cups pancake batter. Let batter stand for 15 minutes before cooking.

Small juice cans with both ends removed make efficient cookie cutters. Before removing the cutter, sprinkle cookie decorations through top of can to avoid spills.

Use sweetened alphabet cereal to spell out a Valentine message on a party cake.

Here's a tasty trick with stale doughnuts. Split and toast them, spread with cream cheese and jelly, and serve with fresh fruit for dessert.

Dinners of the month...

						SUNDAY	MONDAY
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY		1	2
3 Chicken Fricassee Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Lettuce Wedges Rice Pudding	4 Baked Liver Loaf Barbecue Sauce Pan-fried Potatoes Harvard Beets Chocolate Layer Cake	5 Ham 'n Noodle Bake Sweet Potatoes Crisp Relishes Lime Jelly Date Nut Loaf	6 Baked Heart Celery Stuffing Baked Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Lemon Meringue Pie	7 Broiled Steaks Potato Puffs Whipped Turnip Strawberries Orange Spongecake	8 Pork Roast Mustard Pickles Baked Sweet Potatoes Peas Lemon Snow Pudding		
10 Beef and Kidney Stew Herb Biscuits Fruit Sundae Macaroons Tea Coffee	11 Meat Loaf Lima Beans in Tomato Sauce Green Salad Pumpkin Pie	12 Fried Halibut Lemon Wedges Spinach Whipped Potatoes Orange Tapioca Pudding	13 Clam Chowder Macaroni Cheese Stewed Tomatoes Lettuce Wedges Baked Stuffed Apples	14 Glazed Buffet Ham Scalloped Potatoes Broccoli Salad Cherry Angel Cake Strawberry Ice Cream	15 Creamed Chicken Dumplings Peas Spinach Salad Peach Shortcake Tea Coffee	16 Veal Cutlets Wine Sauce Spaghetti Green Beans Fruit Jelly Cookies	9 Corn Chowder Cold Sliced Pork Perfection Salad Crisp Rolls Peach Cobbler
17 Tuna Turnovers Mushroom Sauce Whipped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Apple Pie	18 Braised Liver Buttered Beets Stuffed Cabbage Rolls Bananas Lemon Sauce Ginger Cookies	19 Beef Stew (potatoes, celery, onion, turnip) Buttered Noodles Pineapple Layer Cake	20 Broiled Lamb Chops Mint Sauce Curried Rice Brussels Sprouts Steamed Fig Pudding	21 Chili Con Carne Steamed Cabbage Dill Pickles Baked Custard Maple Cookies	22 Grilled Ham Slice Orange Glaze Sweet Potatoes Broccoli Cookies Sherbet	23 Chicken Pies (peas, celery) Posed Salad Preserved Raspberries Angel Cake	
24 Codfish Cakes Green Beans Creamed Onions Preserved Pears Date Squares	25 Minute Steaks Buttered Turnip Lettuce Wedges Spiced Bread Pudding Tea Coffee	26 New England Dinner Steamed Squash Waldorf Salad Rye Bread Grape Sponge Cookies	27 Steamed Salmon Caper Sauce Fluffy Rice Peas and Carrots Apple Cobbler	28 Oxtail Soup Cheese Fondue Bacon Lettuce Wedges Butter Tarts Tea Coffee			

Breakfasts and lunches for any day you need them...

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	Spiced Applesauce Ready-to-eat Cereal Sliced Dates Toast Jam Tea Milk	Orange Juice Poached Egg Toast Broiled Bacon Coffee Milk	Cold Stewed Tomatoes with Basil Hot Cereal French Toast Syrup Tea Chocolate Drink	Pineapple Juice Waffles Bacon Broiled Bananas Maple Syrup Coffee Hot Chocolate	Orange Slices Hot Cereal Apricots Honey Toast Marmalade Coffee Milk	Grapefruit Juice Fried Corn Meal Sausages Syrup Stewed Apple Slices Coffee Milk	Prunes with Lemon Parsley Omelet Mushroom Sauce Toast Jelly Coffee Chocolate Drink
Lunch	Salmon Croquettes Curry Sauce Tossed Salad Prune Whip Custard Sauce	Consommé Grilled Bologna Potato Pancakes Sour Cream Fresh Fruit Cookies	Cheese Omelet Bacon Chili Sauce French Green Beans Apple Crisp Tea Milk	Cream of Celery Soup Hamburgers on Buns Sweet Relish Ice Cream Strawberry Topping	Eggs à la King Buttered Toast Point's Celery Seed Coleslaw Preserved Pears Gingersnaps	Chicken Soup Onion Bread Sticks Green Salad Assorted Cheeses Danish Pastry	Vegetable Juice Minced Ham Sandwich Assorted Relishes Coconut Pudding Sliced Peaches

Recipes and snacks for the creative cook...

Bake 6 sweet potatoes till tender. Gash tops. Heat 1/3 cup crushed pineapple and 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1 tablespoon to each potato.

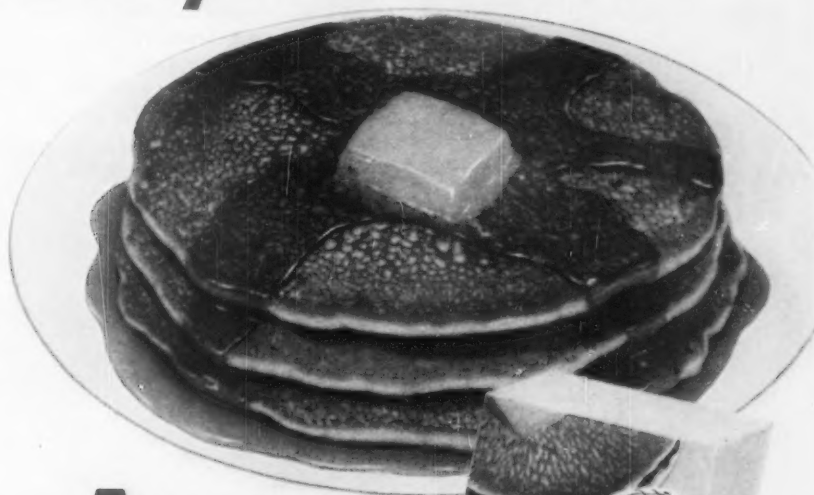
Try this easy-to-make dessert for six: Spread 1 1/2 cups sweetened

applesauce in an 8-inch-square greased baking dish. Add 1 cup crushed cinnamon wafers, 1/3 cup brown sugar, 3/4 cup quick-cooking rice and 1/8 teaspoon salt. Pour in 2 cups vitaminized apple juice. Dot with butter. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees F. Serve warm with cream.



Wake up, Mom!
Dad's fixin'
Sunday "BRUNCH"

Lucky, lucky Mom!
 It's Sunday morning
 and Dad's making
 "Brunch" for the whole
 family! Stacks of temp-
 ting, tender Aunt
 Jemima Pancakes...
 hot from the griddle
 and glistening with
 butter and syrup.
 Mmmmmmm. What a
 way to start the day!



*Shake up a batch
 this weekend!*

1. Put 1 cup milk, 1 egg
 and 1 tablespoon liquid
 shortening in shaker.
2. Add 1 cup AUNT JEMIMA
 PANCAKE MIX.
3. Now the fun!
 Shake vigorously ten times.
4. Pour batter onto griddle.
 Perfect pancakes
 every time!

**Aunt
 Jemima
 PANCAKES**



FOR SUNDAY "BRUNCH" SERVE AUNT JEMIMAS—REGULAR, BUCKWHEAT OR BUTTERMILK



protection *plus*
comfort for
busy hands!

Viceroy Household Gloves

Gone are the days of the clinging, splitting, thoroughly uncomfortable rubber glove! Viceroy brings you constant protection for your busy hands plus amazing comfort and flexibility.

Three styles in tough, Natural Latex Rubber provide maximum wearing comfort with natural "feel", soft and pliable.

SMOOTH FINISH — long wearing, all purpose glove.

SUCTION GRIP — Non-slip style with honeycombed surfaces.

VELVA-TEX LINED — with Suction Grip. Keeps hands dry, cool, provide extra non-slip protection.

Chatelaine Seal of Approval



BITTER HARVEST

Continued from page 31

like a high fence, its barbs wet with blood they had drawn from each other.

"Just where are you planning on going?" she asked coldly. "Or am I not even to have an address to write to if the children are ill?"

"Well . . ." He paced with his eyes bent on her new Wilton rug and she realized that he still wore his overalls and boots in spite of her strict rule that work clothes were to be left in the utility room. "Well, I thought I'd see how things are going at the old place in the east. Irma must have had it pretty rough since Arnold died. We've never offered a hand. Haven't written since the funeral."

That was when her anger had really broken. Rage had swept her in waves so smothering that she could hardly speak. Oh, he had really wanted to wound deeply this time. To have dared this! To go to Irma, of all people. His older brother's widow and a woman who had once been blatantly in love with him. Irma would need him all right. Sugar-sweet, clinging, she'd welcome him with open arms.

"You would dare?" she cried. "You dare to even mention her name in this house?"

"Yes, I would dare," he shouted. "I would dare to go where I might be appreciated."

"Then go!" With choking breath she had struggled to hold back the wild inner storm that would break when she was alone. "Go tonight. Before the children get back from the dance. I don't want them to be a part of this ugliness. I don't want them to know. You hear me? You're to go now!"

But the children had had to know, of course, in part at least. She couldn't hide the fact that he had gone. And bathing her eyes after a sleepless night, she had gone downstairs to make a terse statement of his absence to Harv and Sally and Allan at breakfast. Then slowly, with limbs weighted with the exhaustion of surging emotions, she had begun preparing the large Sunday dinner for the monthly home-coming of the family.

THE TURKEY'S DRY, she thought dully, and was aware that under their desultory conversation they were watching her, waiting for the opportunity to question her again. Milly, the hired girl, was clearing away the

Milly, the cheerful, irrepressible hired girl and family friend.



plates. With her usual slaphappy disregard for the laws of physics, she was staggering out to the kitchen under a load that would have done credit to a balancing act in vaudeville. If she didn't do something about Milly soon she wouldn't have a good piece of china left to her name, she thought, as details of the scene focused in her consciousness for the first time.

She saw her plants on the ledge of the big sunny window and realized that she had forgotten to water them. She heard the treble voices of her grandchildren raised in shrill battle in the kitchen and saw slim, chestnut-haired Sally rise to go to them. Cia and Janet, who were sitting on either side of her, were carrying on a bloodless dissection of an old school chum. It was the kind of discussion that always amused her, so filled with professionalisms and textbook wisdom.

"I think she should see a psychiatrist," Cia said. "I honestly do."

Janet snorted. "A psychiatrist! She's probably just run down. You social workers see personality problems behind every bush. We all have them, don't we?"

"You can say that again!" Cia said with feeling — unmarried Cia who didn't know what problems were.

"So that makes them more or less normal, doesn't it? Why make such a fuss about them?"

They broke off abruptly and glanced at their mother before dropping their eyes to their plates.

"Oh, don't stop on my account, girls," Nan said, trying to inject into her voice the note of humor with which she would have treated the

subject a few days ago. "I'm aware that my two educated daughters believe that I'm hatching a mess of maladjustments in the Martin nest."

"Oh, we're bad eggs, all right," Allan chortled. "All cracked, hey, Mom?" Always the clown, he was trying particularly hard to be funny today and a lump of gratitude came into her throat as she realized that he was doing his youthful best to help her keep face.

"Well, I wouldn't dispute that!" she said, tossing a walnut at him, managing a smile when he leaped to catch it with an elaborate pantomime of a baseball player. "Why I get the blame is what puzzles me."

But it was a mistake. It was too close to the seat of her agony and, at the sound of the break in her voice, conversation faltered around the table. They looked covertly at her, anxiety creeping back to their faces and she knew they were only waiting until the dessert course was over before they confronted her again.

"Mother, it's no use, you know," Cia said in a low voice. "We have to discuss this. It concerns all of us."

"What? Your maladjustments?" Nan raised her glance to Cia's dark hair and clear fair skin. She was the one in whom there was the evenest blend of her parents. Strange how the genes distributed themselves, making composite likenesses of two people, blending the bodies and souls of two people into new individuals.

"You know perfectly well what I mean, Mother. This business of Father . . ."

"What I can't understand," Jim



SCALLOPED SALMON AND POTATOES

One of the many different ways to serve
Gold Seal Salmon during Lent:

1 - ½ lb. can Gold Seal Salmon	½ tablespoon minced parsley
2 or 3 cooked potatoes	½ tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup medium white sauce	½ teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon minced onion	pinch of pepper and paprika

Arrange flaked salmon and sliced potatoes in alternate layers in greased baking dish. Add seasonings to sauce and pour over salmon and potatoes. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Serves three or four persons — and they'll love it!

Add delightful variety to your meal planning for Lent — get a goodly supply of flavorful Gold Seal Salmon! You'll see delicious ways to serve this prize Pacific sockeye salmon described on every Gold Seal label. "Salmon a la King", "Salmon Roll", "Salmon Mousse" — and many, many more tasty dishes. Shop for Gold Seal Salmon now — to give variety to your Lenten menus!



Every Gold Seal
Salmon label
has a delicious
Lenten dish idea!



said, "is why he went now. Just when he was up for a Master Farmer Award." He pushed back his chair, reaching nervously into the pocket of his sport shirt for cigarettes. A new tension had been growing under his stolidity lately and this had clearly shaken him. "Thing like this . . . well, it'll ruin the whole thing. And what about the harvest? I can't manage two crops before snowfall."

"You've always got me, dear," Allan simpered in a hoarse falsetto. "And our dear brother. Hey, Harvey?"

Jim's grin was reluctant. "A lot of good you are," he grumbled. "Every season is girl season with you two. But I just can't figure it. Dad knew we were late with the crop."

"What I can't understand is why he went at all!" Harv rose and threw down his napkin. He stood with his long legs spread and his arms folded, staring at his mother. "All right, Mother, you've stalled around enough. Let's have it. You kicked him out, didn't you? Why? What had the poor guy done to deserve that?"

"Kicked him out?" Her lips were dry. "Did someone say I kicked your father out?"

"Oh, Mother, stop it!" Peg cried. "You know Dad wouldn't just up and go like this if you hadn't . . . well . . ."

"That's where you're wrong, Peg. But if you want to know why, you'll have to ask him." She bit her lip, realizing that she had made a slip. They would ask again where he had gone, and this was the one thing she would never tell them. I'm not thinking clearly, she thought. They can trap me. I must go to my room until my head stops pounding. But why are they so insensitive? Do they think I'm inhuman? How much do they think I can stand?

She wondered if she had been wrong to protect them. The clashes that had occasionally erupted between their parents had been kept from them. She had not wanted them to hear the outright quarrels, see the raw emotions bared. Now that she thought of it, she realized that in all their lives they had never seen her cry. No wonder they expected her to be invincible.

"But what brought this on?" Janet asked in her best consultation-room manner. "Things like this don't just come out of the wild blue yonder.

There must have been something."

"You're quite right, Janet." She looked at them with blank eyes, as though they were strangers on a train, with scenes from the past flashing by beyond them. "This was something that your father seemed to have been planning for some time. He just waited for the right moment."

She raised her hand in an indecisive gesture and lowered it again. Her hair, usually immaculate, was straying in wisps over her temples, but all her attention was centred for the moment on trying to remember what small word or deed had touched off the quarrel.

Oh yes, the heifer with the swollen bag. She had wanted him to call the vet from the city and he had said it would be all right if they left it alone. She had been sharp with him about it, not because it was important but because it had been so typical of him. He would never take events in his hands and shape them to his will. He would wait for them to move him.

"You can't tell us that Dad did this on his own, Mother," Cia said. "You must have . . . well . . ."

"What she means," Harv said, sit-

ting down and jerking his chair back to the table, "is that you must have driven him to it. But how? Why, for Pete's sake?"

"I always used to wonder why you weren't nicer to him," Peg wailed. "You were so—so cold to him sometimes."

"I was always courteous to your father in your hearing," Nan said dully. She was appalled at their support of him. Janet, Cia, Harv, Peg, the four who could never agree had forgotten their individual differences as they united against her. She had thought always that she was the one who would have their loyalty in a family showdown. But they were daring, actually daring, to place her on trial as a wife. They were saying that she was the one in the marriage partnership who had failed.

"You know, Mother," Cia said blandly, "I sometimes wonder if you have any idea how much you have to answer for."

"Oh, yes, those maladjustments again," Nan murmured. "Well, Cia, at least I accepted my responsibilities as a parent. I didn't evade them like some people I could name."

"What can I serve John and the kids for dessert tonight that's good—but won't cost too much?"



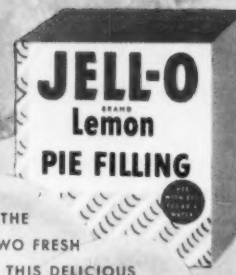
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"But you didn't give Dad a chance!" Janet said heatedly—Janet, who had always been the cool one. Even as a child she had stood by with clinical detachment while her younger brothers and sisters committed baby mayhem on each other, then calmly practised first aid on the wounded. Once, Nan remembered with irrelevant hysteria catching at her breath, she had come on her dunking them one by one in the water tank to perfect her technique in the Schaefer method of artificial respiration.

"Or anyone else, for that matter," Harv muttered. "Things go your way or they don't go at all."

She stared at him, wondering if he knew what he was saying. He couldn't mean it. She had disciplined them, yes. Required certain standards of them. But wasn't this the duty of a mother? Did they think she had willingly been the stronger of their parents? The latent ability to lead had been there perhaps but it had been Harvey's easy-going lack of initiative that had called it from her.

The naïve injustice of the indictment rankled unbearably. In some strange way Harv was like his father had been the night before. It seemed necessary to him to see her brought low and the final goad, the thorn that drove deepest into her quivering control, was the fact that there was pity for her in the eyes of the outsiders.

Janet's husband, with his lawyer's mind, would be weighing the situation dispassionately. They had always liked each other, she and Ralph. He would come to her aid with clear unemotional arguments if she were to appeal to him, but anything so reasonable was beyond her now.

As though reading her mind, Ralph Andrews cleared his throat. "Not that it's any of my business, but I think you're being unfair to your mother."

"No one's asking your opinion," Janet said irritably. "Mother, we want to know where Dad is."

"Oh, can't we drop it? Can't we just drop it?" Sally said, her delicate face distressed as she turned on her older sister. "Mother's tired. Can't you leave her alone?"

"No, Sally, let them crucify me," Nan said, trying desperately again to sound humorous. But it was still no use. The open expression of support from her youngest child, her baby, was too much to be borne. And as her voice broke again, the floodgates of her control were suddenly opened. "Oh, why are you hounding me?" she

cried at the others. "How can you blame me like this when I was the one who loved you? Yes, I loved you! I was the one who cared enough about you to discipline and direct you. If I drove you, it was because I wanted you to be something. It was for your sakes, not my own."

"Was it, Mother?" Harv said under his breath.

"Yes! Yes, it was!" she said, and her voice would only come as a hoarse whisper. "Oh, all right, if this is what you wanted, Harv, to break me down just as your father did, you've succeeded. Are you satisfied?"

She covered her face with her hands and let them come, the racking sobs, the accumulation of thirty-four years of suppression. With head bowed she let the storm shake her like a giant dog in its teeth.

"Oh, Mother, don't . . ." Cia said, and the shock and horror in her

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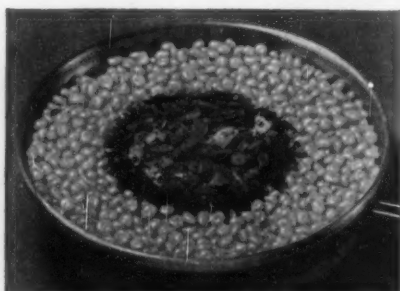


You know what the food writers and nutrition authorities say about quick-cooking. It's how you keep vegetables looking and tasting like the fresh-picked article.

The big news is that the Green Giant has found a way to quick-cook his corn (in just one-fifth the usual time).

You have to taste the difference to believe it. Quick-cooked Niblets Brand corn. It's like corn-on-the-cob without the cob. Get some and let your family join the fun.

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Corn Almondine created by James A. Beard, the Green Giant's creative cooking consultant. Sauté $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced almonds in 2 tbsp. butter until golden brown. In a separate pan heat 14-oz. can of Niblets Brand corn, drained, with 3 tbsp. butter until just warmed through. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper and mix well. Top with the almonds. Serves 4.

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Chatelaine — February 1959

words were reflected in the faces of her brothers and sisters.

"For heaven's sake, Mother, don't do that," Jim begged, his voice shaking. He stood up, looking as though he were going to bring his big fists up in her defense. "Damn you, Harv. Look what you've done! Why don't you learn to keep your big mouth shut?"

"That's what I say!" Allan twisted in his chair, the clown's mask gone from his round boyish face. "You're always picking on Mom! What's eating you anyway?"

"Anybody for this here sherbet stuff?" Milly bawled, thrusting her face like a rising moon through the serving window.

"Oh, just serve it, will you?" snapped Cia.

"Huh? Oh, sure. Excuse me!"

"Mother . . ." Janet said. "Please. We're sorry."

But were they? Nan rose, with a gesture of her hand repudiating the apology. And as they looked after her with white faces, she stumbled upstairs to her room. First her husband and now her children! Had they spoken the truth? They had made her sound like one of those horrible insects that devoured its mate and victimized its young.

When the storm had finally subsided she lay in mindless numbness on the bed while they came and hovered over her. But they could not erase the portrait she was seeing of herself or rebuild the ruins of her faith on her own motivations.

"I'M GOING TO give you a sedative, Mother," Janet said when evening had crept into the room. "I want you to call me at the office in town if you're not feeling better tomorrow. Mother, do you hear me?"

"I hear you, Janet."

"Mother . . ." Janet sat down by the bed and touched her hand shyly. They had never found it easy to be demonstrative with each other, Nan and her eldest daughter. "This may be for the best, you know. I think it's done us good to know that . . ."

"That I can cry?" Nan said dully.

"Yes, that you're capable of weakness. We've been too dependent on you. You've always done too much for us, you know. You put Cia and me through university, set me up in practice, found Cia a job. You bought Peg and Herb their land and buildings and did the same for Jim and Carol. There's no end to what you've done for us. And in a way, we are grateful, but . . ."

"But I've committed some kind of crime, anyway!" Nan raised on her elbows, her anger stirring and bringing life back to her leaden limbs. "Is that it? I've made you into a bunch of parasites and deep down you hate me for it. Me, who wanted only the best for you! You, Janet. You wanted to be a doctor, didn't you?"

Janet withdrew her hand, her voice hardening. "Not always, Mother. There were lots of times when I wanted to give it up. But you made me go on. You didn't give me the privilege of making a choice or fighting it through myself. Don't you see? The cord has to be cut sometime. There are things you refuse to realize."

"I don't want to hear them!" Her daughter's words were coming to Nan from a long way off as weakness consumed her. "I've heard all I want to. All I can stand." But there was that strange ruthlessness in Janet today, just as there had been in Harv and his father. Her voice was continuing, rising and falling, coming closer until the words were like claps of thunder in the room.

"I may not be able to say these things if I don't say them now, Mother. Don't you know why Cia has broken three engagements? Because she can't respect a man who doesn't dominate her and she doesn't know how to adjust to one who does. Harv is having the same trouble. He needs to be led and he rebels when he is."

"Herb's drinking like a fish because he can't measure up to the Martin standards and you can't let him forget it. Carol and Jim have nearly broken up because Carol is being driven into the same pattern she sees here and she doesn't want it that way. Then there's Ralph and me . . ."

Janet's voice faltered. She rose abruptly, clasping her hands. "I'm sorry, Mother. But don't you see? You have to set us free! *You have to cut us loose!* I don't want to hurt you. I can't bear to see you like this. But sometimes a physician has to operate. Oh, Mother, please! Won't you even talk to me about it?"

"I can't, Janet. Just go now, please."

She heard the desperation, the beginning of hopelessness in Janet's voice. But steeling herself, she turned her face to the wall. And after a moment of strained silence, Janet tiptoed out of the room.

A FUNEREAL quiet fell on the house when they had all gone. She thought mechanically that she should get up to see if Milly had sterilized

the separator without scalding herself to death, but she couldn't force herself to move. This was the family that had been nominated by its neighbors for a Master Farm Family award, she thought emptily. The model family to whom the community was supposed to be able to look for guidance in the principles of "good farming, right living, clear thinking," the epitome of Canadian wholesomeness.

How could she have tricked herself into thinking they were happy? But on the whole they had seemed happy. They had laughed a lot as they were growing up and she had joined in their tomfoolery as though she were one of them.

"Where did I go wrong?" she moaned. "I only wanted them to be happy." What strange justice was this that condemned a mother for wanting only the best for her children? Couldn't they see that she had been driven, too, by the needs and positive forces in her own nature, by the needs and negative forces in Harvey's? Was hers to be the only blame?

The sudden illness of her spirit infected her body. She had never known that the simple passage of time could be such a burden. The days that followed were weights too heavy to be borne. She was no longer strong and no longer proud. She moved like an old woman, barely conscious of the life of the farm revolving around her.

She was vaguely aware that Sally and the two boys had taken over the housework and the chores and that they were trying sometimes to break through the multiple layers of her misery. But beyond perfunctory replies to routine questions, she was unable to speak to them.

She didn't even know what day it was when they began bringing the garden produce in. Mechanically, she prepared vegetables for the deepfreeze, realizing with surprise that her hands were weak and trembling. I must try to eat something, she thought, turning to find Harv watching her unhappily. He stood in the doorway of the utility room, dangling his hat in his hands and she saw that his lean face was haggard and the muscle was twitching in his cheek again.

He must be very upset by this, she thought, rubbing her reddened eyes. But I can't help him. I feel as though I can never help him again. He and Janet, even Cia and Peg, have joined their father in this. They are rejecting my love and all that I am. They are leaving me a vacuum for a life and a dying thing for a heart. Where is



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Raisin-Pecan Cake

- 1 c. seedless raisins
- 2 c. boiling water
- 1 3/4 c. once-sifted all-purpose flour or 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour
- 2 1/2 tps. Magic Baking Powder
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ground allspice
- 1/2 c. butter or Blue Bonnet margarine
- 1 c. lightly-packed brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 c. chopped pecans

Simmer raisins in boiling water, covered, 15 mins. Drain well, saving 1/2 c. of the liquid. Cool. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, baking soda, salt, cinnamon and allspice together twice. Cream butter or margarine; blend in brown sugar. Beat in eggs. Combine 1/2 c. raisin liquid and vanilla. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with raisin liquid, combining lightly after each addition. Fold in raisins and chopped pecans. Turn into a greased 8-inch square cake pan, lined in bottom with greased waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 45 to 50 mins. Let cake stand in its pan on cake rack for 10 mins. Turn out onto rack; peel off paper; allow cake to cool completely. Frost cold cake with Cinnamon Butter Icing; decorate with pecan halves. Cut this tender cake with a saw-tooth knife.

Cinnamon Butter Icing Cream 1/4 c. butter or margarine. Sift together 2 c. sifted icing sugar, 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon and few grains salt. Gradually blend sugar mixture into creamed butter or margarine, alternately with sufficient hot cream to make an icing of spreading consistency—about 2 tbsps. Mix in 1/2 tsp. vanilla.



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my place now? Where do I go from here?

"Mother," Harv said, his brown eyes pleading.

"Yes, Harv?"

"We can't go on like this, can we? We're going to pieces. All of us. This family can't stand to be broken up. I shouldn't have said those things to you. It wasn't that I meant them, really. It was . . . But hang it all, I couldn't do without you. None of us could. We know that."

"Janet doesn't think so," she said. "Janet thinks you would all be better off without me."

"Janet should have kept her mouth shut, too! I tell you we can't go on like this. It's unbearable. It's not like us. Can't you forgive us, Mom?"

And suddenly, she lifted her head, listening, for it was there in his voice, the thing they had been trying to destroy, the familiar, life-giving thing that had infused her days with meaning and her being with purpose. The cry of a child for its mother. Miraculously, strength began to flow back to her body as, with crystal clearness, there came to her a revelation of the role that was rightfully hers.

They did need her, she thought humbly. They needed her strength as they always had. But in the last few days she had come to the realization that the greatest strength a mother could have was not the strength that enslaved, but the strength that freed her loved ones.

She reached up and brushed the hair back from his brow and held his head tenderly when he dropped it to her shoulder. "Yes, I can forgive you," she said softly. "Of course I can. Hush, now."

He nuzzled her cheek and hugged her hard with his strong young arms. "We're not a family without you and Dad, Mom. Can't we get back to normal? I mean, couldn't you and Dad . . . ?"

"I don't know, Harv. I don't know yet."

But she could find out, she thought. And when he had gone back to work she felt the need to walk and think in the crisp fall air where her perspective would not be influenced by yesterday's quarrels. The answer to Harv's question lay not with her now but with his father.

Did he still love her, still need her? Surely the habit patterns, the bonds of the years had gone as deeply with him as they had with her. Surely he will come back if he knows how des-

perately I need him, she thought. I will write now, today. No, I'll wire or phone.

JIM HAD BEEN combining and the short stiff stalks of wheat caught at her legs. She could feel the scratches draw blood, but she walked on heedlessly, not really aware of where her feet had been taking her until she was within sight of the old house where they had homesteaded. This was where she had been needing to come for a long while, she realized, back to the beginning, to the place where the memories were fresh and unsullied.

She stood looking at it with an unexpected yearning. The paint had nearly all peeled away and its windows looked blind and soulless. But the windmill still labored over the pump by the weathered barn and its rhythmic creaking was like the voice of an old friend. Harvey had loved it here. And I uprooted him, she thought. My ambition for a big house and geometric grounds and an impressive driveway uprooted him.

It was a moment before she saw that there was smoke coming from the chimney. Why, someone must have lit a fire in the old kitchen stove! The knowledge ran through her like a series of small shocks, for there was only one person who would come, searching, as she had, to this place of their beginnings.

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She almost ran down the slope, catching her foot in a gopher hole, stumbling and nearly falling, rising to hurry on. He was sitting on the crumbling front step looking out over the ravine where the children had played when they were small. His big body was hunched as though he were suffering the same deep weariness that had gripped her.

He got up hesitantly at her approach and his eyes, so much like Harv's and Jim's and Peg's, searched her face warily. They stood looking at each other, neither able to make the words come. When she sank down on the step he stood with his hands in his pockets, not looking at her.

"So you didn't go," she said finally.

"No." He cleared his throat and traced a circle in the dirt with the toe of his shoe.

"Could I ask why not?" she asked, her voice low.

"Well, I guess I wanted to think things over. It's not easy, you know, to throw thirty-four years down the drain."

"I know," she murmured. "Oh, I know!"

"But damn it, there comes a time when a man has to know if he can call his soul his own! I wouldn't mind for myself so much, but the children are suffering from this setup."

She stared at the quack grass that was crowding up to the steps, and smothered the dying embers of her anger. "I think I'm even beginning to see that, Harvey. But has it been entirely my fault?"

"No," he said, surprising her, and she lifted her eyes with a rush of gratitude. "No, I guess it hasn't. I left it to you to have the ambition for the family. I never wanted anything but to have enough food and clothes for the children and to enjoy life a little. If it had been left to me, we'd never have built the big house on the hill. We'd have gone on here, bursting at the seams. We'd be a shiftless kind of family."

"And probably a happier one."

"Nobody can vouch for that," he said, and they were silent, shifting the years for their essence.

He sighed heavily. "I didn't really want to go, Nan. I need you. You know that. It's just that . . ."

"Yes, I know. And you see, I need you, too. In more ways than I've ever known."

He reached for her hand and drew her to her feet. "Let's go home," he said simply. ♦

TV'S SHOWS FOR CHILDREN

Continued from page 21

"designed to meet the needs of children" marches across Canadian television every day of the week just before dinner.

"Children are always ready for a story, especially if there are puppets animating them," says Rainsberry. And so we have *The Friendly Giant*, in which a pleasant chap named Robert Homme chats with his hand-puppet friends; *The Adventures of Chich*, a clever fifteen minutes with John Conway's puppets; *Maggie Muggins*, about a little girl and her animal puppet pals; *Howdy Doody*, a melange of people and puppets; and *Gumby*, who instead of being a puppet is a plasticine boy. All these programs are designed for the younger child, i.e. from four to eight. My own eight-year-old happens to be a practical type who prefers cowboys to puppets, so that his favorite program is *Rope Around the Sun*, a relaxing show of authentic cowboy songs and stories sung and told by Stu Davis, of Winnipeg.

What can they watch?

For older children who happen to be in the house in the late afternoon there's *Pieces of Eight*, a pirate program from Halifax; *Whistletown*, a variety show twice a week from Toronto; and an excellent program of dramatized children's books, introduced by Beth Gillanders, of Vancouver, and called *Hidden Pages*.

To complete the roster, there's *Nursery Time* for the toddlers in the family, and on Sunday afternoons there's *Junior Magazine*, a strongly educational program hopefully aimed at entertaining the whole family.

CBC maintains that *Junior Magazine* is one of their most popular programs, but when seventeen hundred boys and girls in the Toronto area were invited to evaluate its appeal in a 1957 survey, they rated it No. 18 in a given list of twenty-three programs, far below such American imports as *Lassie*, *Robin Hood*, *Father Knows Best* and *Rin Tin Tin*. My own sons complain that some of the items on the show are "too old" and others "too young." I'm inclined to agree. Usually the program is good and sometimes it's excellent, but whenever there's a choice between education and

entertainment on *Junior Magazine*, education wins and entertainment flies out of the window, just as the children fly away to more exciting pastimes.

A CBC favorite that's no favorite of mine is the ubiquitous *Howdy Doody*, said to be a top favorite of

Canadian children. Although the CBC liked the American show so much that they've manufactured a Canadian version, nobody I know can muster more than lukewarm enthusiasm for the inhabitants of *Doodyville*. The program is too noisy, too high-keyed and too downright confusing.

Contrast a show like this with the delightful *Captain Kangaroo*, the low-keyed American program which last year won the Peabody Award for being "just about the only genuine children's program left on network TV."

Captain Kangaroo, unlike *Howdy*



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For the wife discovered, long ago, that happiness depends upon so much more than just love. Her husband owes his success and robust health

primarily to her ceaseless concern for his well-being. Take their nightly cup of warm Ovaltine, for example . . . she knows how this delicious, soothing beverage relaxes the nervous tension of the day . . . supplies essential food elements to rebuild the body cells during sleeping hours.

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the first laxative
especially for feminine use

Doody, has no studio audience of applauding small fry; quiet-voiced Bob Keeshan (the Captain) prefers to play to the home audience instead. His show is simple, his humor is quiet. A hundred and sixty animals have been introduced on his show over the years, most of them gentle pets of the baby deer or pussycat variety. He has two puppets, Funny Mr. Mouse and Mischievous Bunny Rabbit, who sing a little and dance a bit; a grandfather clock that spouts poetry; and a gay little cartoon called Tom Terrific and Mighty Manfred The Wonder Dog. Once in a while Captain Kangaroo talks about a painting he's seen, about his trip to England or musical instruments.

After dinner, what?

"Children have taste. You don't need to yell at them as if they were deaf or keep them on the edge of their chair with a perpetual racket," says Keeshan.

As the mother of boys still technically children (*i.e.* under twelve) my beef about Canadian children's programs is not concerned with their quality, which is good for the most part, but with their timing. What with after-school messages and music lessons and outdoor play with other children, neither of our lads gets around to television until after dinner. And what does the CBC have for the older child after dinner? A large nothing, that's what!

So Channel 2 or Channel 4 in Buffalo is switched on and the sound of galloping horses and barking guns fills the living room. The hero, clothed in the impregnable armor of "right" (but carrying a six shooter to back it up) is beating up the villain, who personifies all that is evil. Sometimes, instead of being a cowboy, the hero of such a pat formula show is a detective, a scientist or a noble cop. But the formula remains the same.

How much harm do programs like these do to our children? Even the psychologists, educators and network apologists can't agree.

Some of them contend that violence on television provides a safety valve through which to work off aggressions in fantasy. They explain, "Kids possess an innate spirit of liberty... If we're too harsh, and don't temper our prohibitions with a large dose of love, a child may become frustrated and hostile, with a harmful craving for violence. For such a child to watch action-and-violence shows on TV endlessly it's obviously very bad. But for

the normal child, whose need for love is satisfied, watching wild-west shows and bang-on-the-head cartoons is a harmless way of releasing their mildly aggressive feelings."

Opposed to this theory are other psychologists and educators who flatly declare that violence in movies and on TV and in comic books can be a prime cause of juvenile delinquency.

I lean to a middle view. It seems to me that what effect TV shows glorifying violence have on a child depends on the child himself. What is your child already—a well-adjusted youngster, or a bit of a behavior problem? Does he watch an occasional western with enjoyment and talk about it freely, or does he sit stolidly in front of the set for hours, digesting one cowboy drama after another? Most important, what does he have in his life besides television? Honest answers to questions like these should determine a parent's attitude to TV and his child.

Many psychologists feel the worst things about today's TV programs are their two-dimensional, stereotyped characters and hackneyed plots. As Dallas K. Smyth, an American expert in the audio-visual field, recently remarked, "Few serious observers are writing off the possible effects on children's standards and values after being repeatedly exposed to crime and cruelty, unreal characterizations and oversimplified solutions to human problems." And so I can only hope my children aren't growing up to believe that all unmarried uncles are rakes (Bob Cummings Show, Bachelor Father), all fathers well-meaning, harmless dopes (Life of Riley), all mothers the real pillars of the home (Donna Reed Show), and all children pretty wonderful, come to think of it (Leave It To Beaver, Father Knows Best).

I've discovered why there aren't any good specifically children's shows on our national network in the early evening—sponsors just won't purchase the time to entertain a childish audience which hasn't the money to buy their products. It's estimated that four fifths of all programs in the children-hours (5 p.m. to 7 p.m., and all day Saturday and Sunday) are aimed at an adult audience with purchasing power.

Early evening hours are considered especially salable, since that's when Dad, the man with the wallet, slumps in his easy chair after dinner and Mom, who holds the purse strings, come into the living room and switch on TV. They're both tired and not in the mood to concentrate, and it seems

that Maverick, Perry Mason, the Danny Thomas Show, Oh Susannah! and December Bride are just what the doctor ordered. (Significantly, nine out of ten children over the age of eight gave me one or more of these adult shows when I asked them to name their favorite program.)

Once in a long while, something suitable for the older child sneaks into the early-evening schedule, such as the recent production of Swiss Family Robinson, or last season's Lost Desert of Kalhari, or Disneyland (especially before it succumbed to the trend for glorified westerns). And once in a while there's a highly touted "production for children," which usually falls flat on its face — for example, the musical versions of Cinderella and Little Women.

I maintain that for the older child, with an interest in science or good drama or music, there's little or nothing on television. Such programs as Explorations and L'Heure Concert are scheduled later in the evening when he's finally trudged off to bed. Why can't some good programs be rescheduled at an earlier hour so children can enjoy them, too?

Thinking the whole thing over, it has dawned on me—as it's dawned on many another parent, no doubt—that *what's on TV is not nearly as important as what's not on it.*

A noted educator recently posed this question, "Does TV, the window on the world, display for our children's experience, a world in which men and women are shown enjoying self-respect and according it to others? Is it showing them a world full of different kinds of people, motivated by the peculiarly kaleidoscopic range of emotions and motives?"

Black hats and heroes

On a Saturday morning not long ago I determined to find out. Latching onto my two reluctant offspring as they dashed outside with a soccer ball, I forced them to sit with me in front of our 17-inch window on the world.

It was 10 a.m. and we found ourselves in the middle of Western Roundup. This taffy pull was in progress when suddenly this posse arrived. Black hats rose slowly behind big rocks. Bang bang went the guns. Enter the sweet girl on the side of justice. Enter the hero, a knight in shining buckskin.

We switched channels to Heckel and Jeckel. There was this new canary, and this bad cat was chasing it, so

this mouse called Roquefort plugged the cat's tail into the wall socket.

We switched back to the ranch where the taffy was apparently all pulled because the shooting was faster and louder. On the dot of 10.30 justice triumphed, the villain got his, and we switched channels to Ruff and Reddy, a cartoon about a dog and a cat who were chasing rustlers.

Switching channels for the fourth time we landed smack in the middle of Howdy Doody (American version). Captain Bob, the emcee, was trying to convince two hunters with Cockney accents that the littlest animal in the world was "the feather-topped, zebra-striped Clarabull" so as to force them to release Bertie the Bun-ion Bird whom they had caught . . .

And so on and on *ad nauseam*. And all the while, jocular pitchmen urged us to buy the kind of bread that builds strong bodies twelve ways and the kind of chocolate milk that sends you (for only a quarter) a pen that looks like a baseball bat. I couldn't help recalling nervously that when four hundred American children were recently asked to list products they'd seen advertised on TV, they recalled 597 items, including 15 kinds of beer and 13 kinds of cigars and cigarettes, and deodorants and detergents and cars and cosmetics and headache pills, and the survey people had noted that "some children have feelings of guilt for not using the recommended stuff."

If this were all that TV is, parents would do well to sell their sets. Some of our friends have done just that. Others have evolved a set of rules stating how much and what kind of television programs their children may watch. Some psychologists say this kind of strict regulation smacks of dictatorship. "Consistency is a virtue in child care, but so are common sense and decency," they point out. If something good is coming up it's not a weakness to say "Just this once."

On the other hand, they don't recommend the completely permissive approach of some parents who sit back helplessly and allow their children to watch anything and everything that appears on the TV screen. Ideally, the wise parent helps his children to evaluate different programs by looking at some of them himself, commenting briefly when something is false or ridiculous, and showing enthusiasm when something is especially good. This way, say the psychologists, TV can be useful in building

values and solidifying family relations.

I think there's more to it than that.

I think that if television is to be a window on the world it will have to open a lot wider and let a lot more sunlight in. It's got to widen the world for our children by giving them more programs about exploration and

adventure, fantasy, human relations, hobbies, drama, arts and crafts, science and good literature. It must present people with moral and spiritual strengths in real-life situations. And all the while it must continue to be bright and entertaining.

How network officials, educators,

good writers and sponsors anxious to make money are going to get together on such an idealistic future, I can't even guess.

As the mother of two impressionable youngsters and a Johnny-come-lately observer of current TV fare, I only know it isn't good enough! ♦



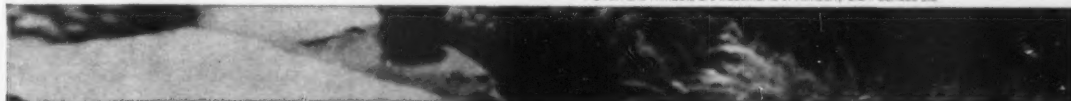
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FLAVIA AND THE PROFESSOR

Continued from page 23

reminding herself that all children were ashamed of their parents from time to time. But the truth was that she found she did not much enjoy her daughter.

Occasionally she allowed herself to wish the girl less precise, a little gayer. She had provisioned her heedless and golden—hence the name. As a tiny child Flavia had been, most accommodatingly, fair. But as she grew older and more sedate, her hair turned mouse color and finally a deep brown. Flavia was going to grow up like her father, Mrs. Massey could see.

Paula Massey had loved Flavia's father very much, but not for any reason she had ever been able to discern. He was a dull man. The only really unpredictable thing Hugh Massey had ever done in his correct life had happened when Flavia was born. Childbirth in this case had for once been fatal to the father. The excitement was too much for his heart. It carried him off, and the doctor who delivered Flavia gave up saying, "We've never lost a father yet."

In her later childhood Flavia spent a good deal of her time away at school. At vacation time she would come home from the orderly and standardized life of St. Agnes', neatly dressed, wearing her navy-blue uniform coat. And every time she came home, she was astounded. Taking a taxi up from the station in the valley, she would feel the excited lurch of the heart at seeing the pine-shaggy back of Porcupine Mountain, the shape of home. The cab would struggle its way up the long track among the trees, jolting over roots and rocky ledges, to come out, often as not, into the wild light of the setting sun on the clearing where the house stood. Flavia would pay off the cab and take her suitcase to the kitchen door.

But she was never really ready for it. She was always astonished when she saw her mother once more and the house her mother lived in.

This particular afternoon—spring vacation of her freshman year at college—she did not see her mother at all. The cab turned with difficulty among the pines and went bucketing off. "Is she at a faculty meeting?" Flavia wondered. "Or has she forgotten I was coming?" But she rejected this



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second thought. You had to be fair. Flavia was always scrupulously fair.

The door was, as usual, unlocked. She went in and put down her bag on the brick floor of the kitchen. Delicate threads of spring evening air wandered in from the open door to mingle with the rich fat smells from the pot simmering on the back of the stove. It was a wood stove, squat and black, with the legend, "Little Goliath," on its belled oven door.

The kitchen had the appearance of one of those still lifes so popular in the eighteenth century and so excellent for displaying all the skills of the painter, a bursting rush of feathers, onions, cheeses, flowers of several kinds, grapes and pomegranates and the cold shine of dead fish.

But this comparison did not occur to Flavia, who thought, "Good heavens, Mother has been to the store and forgotten to put everything away, as usual." She made as if to clear away this accumulation; then on some springtime impulse not usual to her, she changed her mind and wandered into the enormous living room, which room was at this hour a cube of light.

Flavia was beginning to feel discontented, as though disconnected. It was the familiar and yet never really expected astonishment that overtook her. The short trip had involved such a shift of intensities, from her tidy little room at college. For just a moment she felt queerly buoyed up in this element of light. Then she heard some sort of an unexpected muffled sound from somewhere within the house.

Wondering, she looked around, and she saw how relentlessly the light dealt with the chair covers, dingy and in holes; how it showed where the Eastern rugs had been worn hairless, down to the crossing of warp and woof. Flavia saw how it picked out—even here and there adding little rainbows to—the dust that lay thick in many places. It illumined several of her mother's cats and the fine, appalling veil of hairs they had shed everywhere. On a littered coffee table by the ash-filled fireplace a copy of The Menaechmi lay open, marked in that really horrifying way her mother had, with a long cigarette holder, from the end of which a small bit of live cigarette spilled smoke upward into the golden air.

Flavia heard the noise again. It was, she thought, upstairs. She went up the stone stairway to her mother's bedroom, which was built above the living room and held the same light

and four more high walls of books. There was a wide fireplace, wildly posturing inside which, dangling short of the hearth, a pair of extremely handsome legs came to Flavia's notice. Her mother, for reasons of her own, was up the chimney.

FLAVIA MOVED forward and cried, "What are you doing?"

"Pull me down, you idiot," said a sepulchral voice in the chimney.

Flavia pulled. Mrs. Massey and a shower of soot descended onto the hearth.

"Hello, dear," said Mrs. Massey. "I won't kiss you just now. Squirrel in the room. Tried to shoo him out the window. Went up the chimney. Stuck. Tried to get him out. Bit me. Thanks."

A drop of blood fell from one of her delicate black fingers, and at this moment a fat grey squirrel shot down the chimney, across the floor and out by the window, leaving on the pale rug a lacy pattern of small black paw marks.

The familiar astounded helplessness closed in on Flavia. She looked at her progenitor, clad in the remains of a rose-colored tea gown, standing in a little heap of soot.

"Oh, Mother!" she wailed. Nothing had changed. She was at home again, home where chaos bloomed like some dark flower.

"Now," said Mrs. Massey, "now, now. There's no harm done." A momentary puzzlement visited her. Somehow, although she always meant to receive her daughter in the serene and orderly way she knew Flavia wanted, things always went wrong—copies of Suetonius turned up in the sugar crock, squirrels went up the chimney.

"Well, Mother," said Flavia, with an air of bringing the conversation down to a comprehensible level, "you'll be glad to know I've decided what I'm going to major in."

"Major in?" asked Mrs. Massey vaguely.

"At college," said Flavia.

"Greek?" cried Mrs. Massey in an uprush of joyous hope.

"Don't be silly," said the girl. "Home Economics."

"Dear heaven!" her mother said. "Well, I suppose I must clean up. We'll talk about it later. I invited someone to dinner. I thought you should meet some men."

Flavia was regarding her impossible parent with pained incredulity when a car door was heard to slam.

Continued on page 78

Nearest
thing
to spring...



PONTIAC

Continued from page 76

"Ha," said Mrs. Massey, "there he is now. Go down and hold the fort, will you. I'll go wash." And she was gone, leaving another sharply defined trail of small footprints in soot.

Seeing nothing else for it, Flavia steeled herself and went down the

stairs, as close as she ever came to boiling with rage. There was no one at the front door. She went through to the kitchen, where a very large man was bending over the stove, carefully stirring the simmering pot. Flavia observed that he wore a once-vivid orange shirt, stained as though by

chemicals, and a vast pair of baggy corduroy pants with a triangular rent in the seat, through which could be seen a portion of some rather loudly checked underpants. On his feet there were sandals, and when he turned around she saw that he had a beard the color of butterscotch.

"Hi," the man said, putting down the spoon. "You must be Flavia. I'm Valerian Tellworthy."

Flavia could only stare. They are making fun of me, she thought, but then she reminded herself again to be fair. This must be her . . . her date! The man, what you could see of him through that beard, was *old*—at least thirty-five. She was wondering where she had heard his absurd name before when Mrs. Massey reappeared. Risen like the phoenix from its own ashes she wore a green dress she had dyed herself so that no two areas of it were the same green—a dress like a badly kept putting green—and a disintegrating Spanish shawl. Her magnificent head emerged from all this riot of color serene as the moon.

"Leery!" Mrs. Massey said. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm inviting myself to dinner," the man explained. "George Barnes said he was coming," he went on, "so I thought that surely your not having invited me was pure oversight. You look enchanting," he added. "Shades of spring. All the shades of spring."

Cloudy emotions of surprise, relief and embarrassment were running through Flavia's mind and over her face, but no one seemed to notice this. Valerian Tellworthy who, Flavia now remembered had won some international prize for chemistry the year before, was mixing Martinis in an old coffee pot, as though he were at home in the kitchen, while Mrs. Massey had snatched up the fish out of the still life and was putting it to poach in a court bouillon. No one explained anything. They began to talk about herb gardens.

Mrs. Massey looked up from the stove and noticed Flavia, looking confused. "Why don't you go along and change, dear," she suggested. "George will be along soon."

George, then, was the one who was coming for her. Flavia wondered what George would be like. "Fifty, probably," she told herself. "Wearing purple shorts and espadrilles. And bald as an egg. A botanist, or worse."

Nevertheless, she went obediently up the stairs, this time taking along her suitcase. In her own room she began to get her bearings again. The room was its old self, coolly decorated in blue and white, the window looking out on the forested slope of Porcupine Mountain. On the window sill her mother had left a tiny bunch of early white violets.

Flavia washed, and put on a simple yellow wool dress. Somebody around

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here, she thought, ought to look like a normal human being.

When she came down again, her mother and Valerian Tellworthy were laughing. Her mother had set her Martini on the stove where it could more quickly become lukewarm, and was smoking a cigarette in her long holder. Her hands, so recently sooty, so recently squirrel-bitten, moved among her pots.

Flavia parted the curtains and looked out a window. The sun was almost down, and the watery coolness of spring evening bathed the daffodils under the birch by the stone walk. One of the cats, who had been sitting on warm stone, shivered delicately and came to the door to ask entrance. Flavia moved to let it in, and stood still as a new and glittering car pulled up behind Valerian Tellworthy's aged car.

A young man—yes, this time really a young man—got out of it. He was tall, he had hair and he was not wearing purple shorts. Looking at him, Flavia instantly felt a warm sense of relief. Relief, too, showed on the good-looking face of George Barnes, who had not at all known what to expect in the line of daughters from Mrs. Massey.

Mrs. Massey, her face pink with cooking, launched conversation at the dinner table brightly.

"This ridiculous girl of mine, Mr. Barnes, has announced that she plans to study what she refers to as 'Home Economics.' We must all talk her out of it, mustn't we?"

"Indeed we must," asserted Valerian Tellworthy.

"Well, you won't be able to," said Flavia. "After all, it's up to me, and I've thought it all out."

George Barnes spoke for almost the first time.

"I consider your decision an eminently rational one," he said thoughtfully. "Too many girls these days are unrealistic about their education." He gave Flavia a warmly approving smile, and Flavia smiled back. There was the sense of a rapport having been established.

Into the silence that followed George's pronouncement, Valerian Tellworthy, kicked under the table by Mrs. Massey, quickly propelled small talk.

"Paula," he said, "what a beautiful fish. What a marvelous sauce." For the fish lay there on its plate lapped round in a delicately pink *sauce aurore*. George Barnes, who was fond of a good rare steak, regarded this masterpiece dubiously, as though he thought that pink stuff might be strawberry ice cream, or marshmallow fluff.

"I shall be learning scientific cooking," said Flavia, not very tactfully. "You know, all the proper elements of nutrition and what constitutes a balanced diet."

"How very interesting, dear," said Mrs. Massey in a level voice.

George Barnes surreptitiously scraped the sauce from his fish, and the meal went slogging on. They ate the goulash, the pears and Port Salut; they drank the coffee and the Armagnac. The conversation kept failing to become general. Mrs. Massey and Tellworthy talked about food, while Flavia and George Barnes talked about an article George had read about how to get more out of everyday living. Finally, George, with a well-bred but unmistakable burp, had escorted Flavia off to a movie in the village.

"Heaven help us!" cried Mrs. Massey, as the sound of the car's motor faded away.

Continued on page 80

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

Bothersome squeaks and sticking parts about the house can easily be fixed. All you need for the job are a screw driver, a wrench, a can of light machine oil and a tube of petroleum jelly. Take a few minutes every three months or so to see that your furnishings are like a well-behaved child—seen but not heard.

With a wrench and screw driver tighten nuts and bolts that have worked loose. A few drops of oil will lubricate spots where metal touches metal—doorknobs, locks and stops, hinges, Venetian-blind mechanisms, nylon bearings, drawer slides, caster stems, handles, revolving fixtures and rocker springs. Where there is heavy wear, grease the parts with a thin coating of petroleum jelly.

She killed a man and now she faced the white man's law



Her name was Kikik. On a bitter-cold February day she stabbed a man to death — she had to — and now she drove her five starving children across the frozen tundra toward the trading-post twenty-nine miles away. Tortured by cold, she somehow survived — only to find herself charged with murder. Only a brilliant writer like Farley Mowat could re-create in all its terror the ordeal of Kikik fighting for the lives of her children.



Suddenly Reducing is big business

No longer a simple matter of dieting, reducing today involves a crazy menagerie of push-button machines that knead, jiggle, jerk and pat the human form into more pleasing proportions. Lured by silken promises, more and more Canadian women — and men, too — are demanding engine-turned figures, writes Barbara Moon.

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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND ON JANUARY 20

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"You have perhaps wrought better than you knew," said Valerian gravely. "It is a meeting of minds."

"I have done with matchmaking," said Mrs. Massey.

"I rather fear that you have," her friend replied, helping himself to more Armagnac.

"But I thought he was just a presentable young man!" she said.

"How could you know?" asked Tellworthy consolingly. "Besides, beneath that trim exterior may be a heart of gold."

"And a mind of purest lead," said Mrs. Massey.

IN THE SUMMER Flavia became engaged to George Barnes. The affair was in no way headlong; it was conducted on rational principles. It was to be a three-year engagement, so that Flavia might finish college. George pointed out, very sensibly, that, should she be left a widow, a college degree would be of immense value to her. This wonderful thoughtfulness of George's touched Flavia deeply. Hearing of it, Mrs. Massey turned up her eyes and went out into the garden.

The fact was that Paula Massey had more or less given up. She had tried everything she could think of to dissuade her daughter from entering into an engagement with a young man who did not enjoy real food and who reminded her of a well-dressed machine, but all her efforts had only seemed to make the girl more determined.

"Mother," Flavia had declared, "I am going to run my life. I am going to have things make sense in it. George makes sense. He is sensible. And we suit each other."

"Suit each other!" cried her mother. "What difference does that make? Your father and I never suited each other."

"I know," said Flavia quietly, near to irony.

"But we loved each other," Mrs. Massey persisted.

"You know," said Flavia coolly, "I think your generation made too much of that. We shall be compatible, at least."

"But do you love him?" her mother demanded.

"I love him quite enough," said Flavia with finality. "And he makes a very good salary."

"MOTHER," said Flavia one day in July, "George's parents are driving through here, on their way to Mont-

real. You know I'll be visiting them, and I think we should have them here."

Mrs. Massey jumped. "What?" she said, closing her book over her cigarette holder.

"George's parents," said Flavia patiently. "We could have them for a weekend."

"George's parents for a weekend!" said her mother, aghast.

"Well, overnight, at least," her daughter said firmly. "I'm sorry I won't be here to help get things ready. And, Mother," she went on, a tone almost of wistfulness in her voice, "couldn't you make things seem . . . well, sort of at least halfway normal for them? I mean . . . I mean, well, more the way other people do things?"

"Go on," said Mrs. Massey ominously.

"Well, for instance," cried Flavia with mounting enthusiasm, "if you could have the house really tidy, you know. And if you could get your hair fixed and . . . and have nice, simple food." She felt her mother's look and her voice trailed off.

"All right," Paula said tonelessly. "I'll try not to disgrace you."

"Thanks, Mother," said the girl. "It really means a lot to me."

Valerian Tellworthy chortled when Mrs. Massey told him about this. "I betcha George's parents are just plain folks."

"Leery, you'll have to help me."

"I'm the very one you need to help you be ordinary," said Valerian expansively. His green eyes had begun to shine. "In fact," he said, "we might as well get some fun out of it. I'm evolving a plan."

IN DUE COURSE, Flavia went off on her visit to George's parents. They were not so plain just plain folks as Tellworthy had supposed. Mr. Barnes drove a Cadillac and maintained a small car (a Buick station wagon) for his wife. They lived in a large, new suburban split-level house. George explained that his father had traded in his old house—"traded up," he called it. This one, in any case, was very shiny. It had three picture windows looking toward other houses with picture windows. Its half acre was surrounded by a dazzlingly white rail fence. There was redwood furniture on its flagged patio, an elaborate outdoor fireplace and a small, bright blue-green swimming pool, the shape of an egg, set into its back lawn.

The house's walls enclosed expen-

sive bright clean space. Carpets were thick and, as Mrs. Barnes pointed out, "wall-to-wall," and all the furniture matched. In some rooms it was all spare, anonymous modern in a light finish. Other rooms had cozy maple pieces, including a reproduction of a cobbler's bench, and Priscilla curtains.

Flavia admired everything. "It is a perfect machine for living," said Mrs. Barnes, pleased. And so it was.

An ideal house. And Mr. and Mrs. Barnes seemed an ideal couple. They were both well-preserved and well-dressed and in control. They ran their lives, sensibly and rationally in an absence of tumult, an absence of mess. They were moderate people, Flavia thought, who kept things in proportion. They did not go rushing off in all directions at once, or put garlic into everything. No armies of cats shed hairs on their clean upholstery. Squirrels did not run up their chimneys. Their floors were not heaped with books—in fact, they kept books, those dust-catchers, to a minimum.

They amused themselves in rational ways. They belonged to a country club at which they filled any random chinks of the day with golf or tennis or swimming. From time to time they had a party, like the one in Flavia's honor—a cheerful barbecue attended by people in immaculate shorts. Flavia's whole visit was like a stepping inside of the bright, unshadowed world of the Canadian Dream.

She told herself that she took to all this as a duck takes to water, as though she'd been born to it. The slight feeling she occasionally had of uneasiness—a tiny mental itch in an unscratchable place—she put down to nervousness about their meeting with Paula. This unease grew in her until she found herself actually wishing the time to pass faster.

Finally, it had passed. As the shape of Porcupine Mountain came into view of the occupants of the enormous fishtailed car—so essentially Buck Rogers in this hill country—Flavia felt a painful dread. Although the revised plan called only for an afternoon call on Paula, the harm would be done in only minutes. A mistake—it would all be a horrible mistake. She should have kept her mother and the Barneses apart. They could have met later—say, at the wedding, three years from now.

As Mr. Barnes turned the big car onto the woods road up the slope,

That 'model home' look with Dominion Linoleum

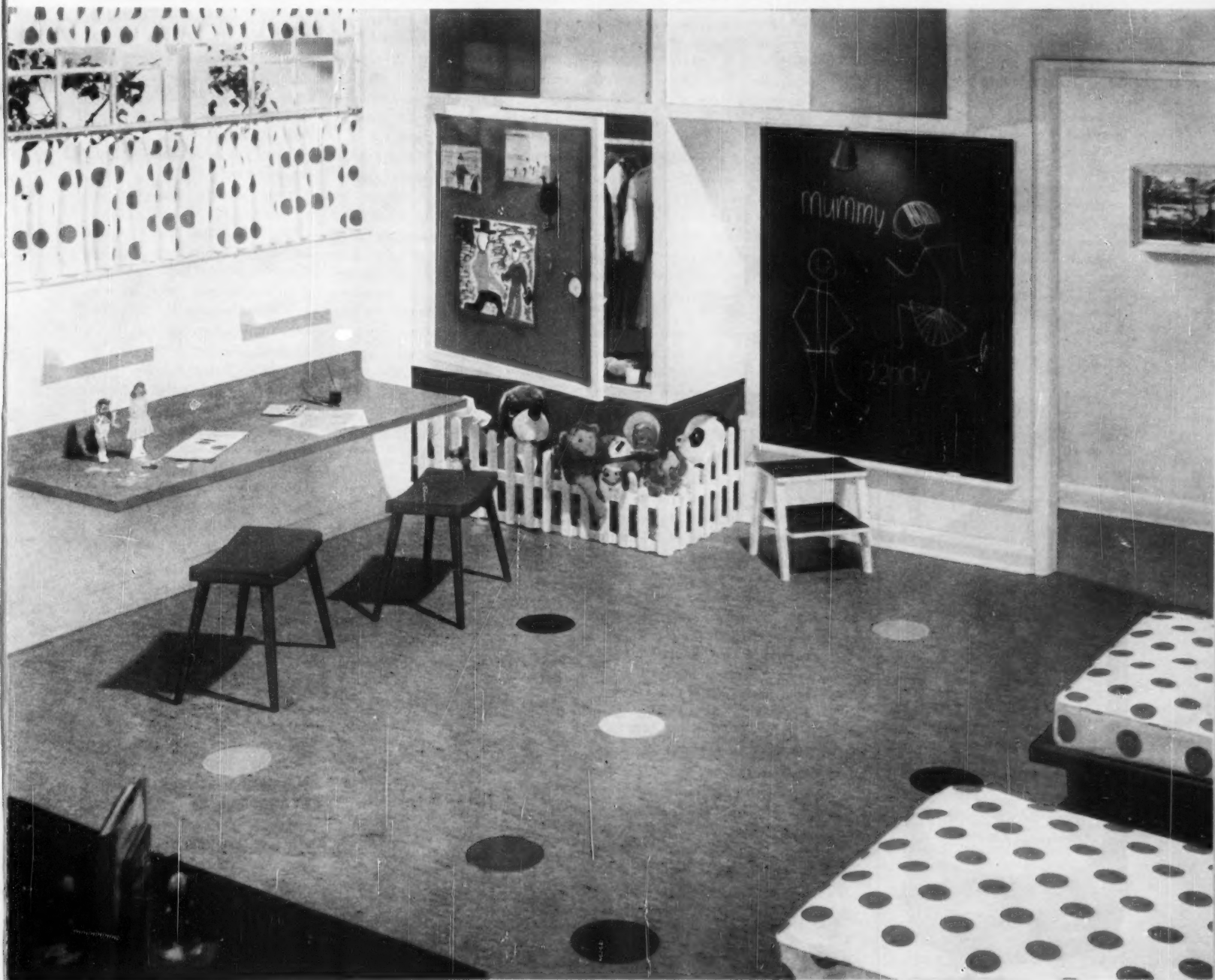
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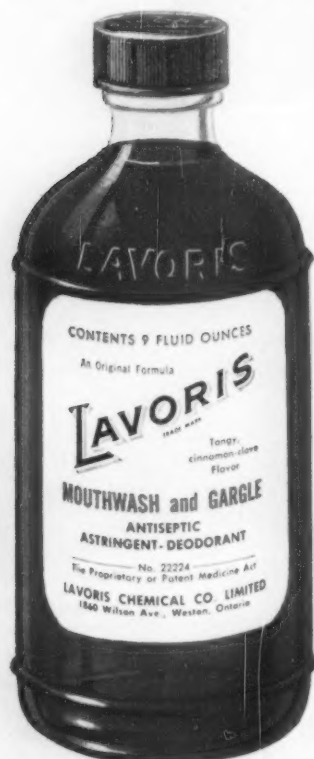
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Making Manners Work

It's a mistake to assume you are

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It's nice to be welcome wherever you go — and *whenever* you go! So why chance unpleasant breath? After meals, after heavy smoking, it's so easy to rinse your mouth with sparkling, cleansing Lavoris. Then you're *never* in doubt! Lavoris completely removes germ-breeding deposits and odour-producing impurities that cling to tongue, mouth and throat tissues. Your whole mouth is completely refreshed and tingling clean when you use Lavoris. You'll like the cool, cinnamon-clove taste, too. Begin today. Use Lavoris every day — and stop bad breath before it starts!



**TASTES GOOD
—DOES GOOD**

2C-49

Flavia ducked and waited for the first scrape of low-hanging pine branches on the expensive paint. None came. Someone, for the first time in human memory, must have trimmed that canopy of trees, which for so many years had ground the finish off Mrs. Massey's succession of old cars. Even the road itself seemed less pocked and pitted than usual, but this she put down to the lush springing of the car.

As the house came into view, Flavia felt a rush of gratitude to her mother. For the mountain meadow of tall grass and Queen Anne's Lace, which had always run before every summer wind, had been cut and was almost like a lawn. It gave the house a serious, settled look—more like a house and less like a ship or an eagle's nest. Someone was coming out to greet them.

By dint of who knows what enormous will-to-normality, an immaculate lavender dress, shoes to match, stockings with straight seams and beauty-shop-waved hair with a blue rinse, Paula Massey had turned herself into a nice-looking middle-aged woman. You might have met her at the country club.

Paula greeted Mr. and Mrs. Barnes with decorous pleasure. George was staring, and Flavia by old habit started to lead the way into the kitchen, but Mrs. Massey said gently, "We go in by the front door, dear."

AGAIN, FLAVIA had come home and was astonished. The atmosphere of wild crisis—the world of Mother up the chimney with the squirrels, of Xenophon in the breadbox—had folded its wings. The living room shone, high and cool and spotless. No hair, and no hide either, of cat could be seen, and there was a silver bowl full of roses on the piano. The old eviscerated chairs were slip-covered in neat chintzes. On the big coffee table (always within living memory a rat's nest of used cups with cigarette butts in them, disintegrating catnip mice, loose change partly in drachmas and denarii and old archaeological journals with cracker crumbs down their spines) there was a symmetrical stack of current and popular magazines. Even the fireplace, accustomed to keep its bed of ashes all summer against chilly nights or rainy days, was clean as a bone. It had in it a pleated paper fan.

"What a lovely room!" said Mrs. Barnes.

Everyone sat. The conversation was

normal, rational, concerning the performance of automobiles (gas mileage on long trips), a new best-seller ("I haven't read it, but I saw the reviews") and mutual pleasure in the "children's plans." Mrs. Massey served an exquisite tea from some thin old Sèvres chinaware Paula had last seen gathering dust in the top of a cupboard. When she brought out "something a little stronger for the boys," the atmosphere became positively jovial. It was all, Flavia thought dazedly, going like a dream.

After tea a youngish man with reddish hair came in. Flavia took him for a stranger until her mother introduced him. Even Leery Tellworthy had undergone change. He wore pressed pants and a clean white shirt, and he had shaved off his beard. He no longer looked even the least bit peculiar. He looked normal.

For some reason Flavia was beginning to experience a kind of delayed reaction to the scene. It seemed to go on and on, the voices of the men still talking about gas mileage, the voices of the women discussing shopping, seemed to grow fainter and hollow. The figures of the people themselves seemed to recede, as though she were seeing them at the bottom of a well. She felt suddenly very tired.

Finally, the Barneses rose to go. There was a babble of voices by the door. "Delightful little visit." "So happy to have had the chance . . ." "Lovely girl." "Fine young man." ". . . be there by sunset." "Good-by and thanks." ". . . again soon." "Good-by!" ". . . good trip. Good-by."

The huge car moved off into the afternoon. A silence fell inside the room, and Flavia burst into tears.

"DARLING," cried her mother. "What is it? Didn't we do it all right?" "You did it *too* well!" wailed the girl.

Mrs. Massey looked at Valerian Tellworthy, but it was clear he would be no help.

"But, dear . . ." Mrs. Massey began.

Flavia raised her tearful face accusingly. "You have blue stuff in your hair," she said. "Your lovely hair looks like a washboard."

"Yes, doesn't it?" said Valerian.

The girl cast a wild glance at him.

"And you," she cried, "what did you do with your beard? You just look like *anybody*!"

"We were just being normal," ex-

plained Valerian. "Just plain folks, that's us."

"Oh, stop it!" Flavia stood up, a defiant, melodramatic movement. "I see now," she said with seventeen-year-old bitterness. "I see what it is. He's *dull*. They're dull, they're all dead, dead, dead."

"Yes, dear," said Paula mildly.

"Well, I just won't marry George," Flavia said. "I'll just write him a letter and tell him I'm sorry. Why," she went on, with an air of discovery, "living your whole life with George would be positively boring!"

"Run up and write the letter now, why don't you," suggested Valerian Tellworthy.

Flavia accepted the challenge. "All right," she said, "I will. You just see."

She was in the midst of an effective exit when she turned. "Mother!" she cried. "What have you done with the cats? You haven't done away with your beautiful cats?"

"Open the cellar door, dear," said her mother.

When Flavia came down again with her letter to George Barnes, an incipient film of cats' hairs was settling down over the new slip-covers. Cats were folded, purring, here and there. Mrs. Massey's lavender shoes lay on the floor. She had stuck her cigarette holder in her hair and it had regained a little of its Medusa quality. The old rich chaos was returning.

Valerian Tellworthy came in from the kitchen with the coffeepot full of Martinis.

"You know," said Flavia consideringly, "you don't look so bad without your beard."

"You don't look so bad, either," said her mother.

Flavia had fished out and was wearing her mother's crêpe-de-Chine costume from a 1928 college production of *The Trojan Woman*. It was outrageously becoming.

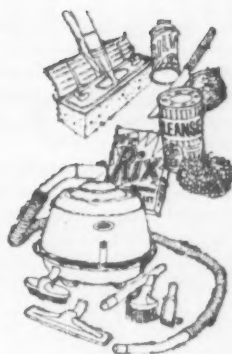
"Wow!" said Valerian Tellworthy.

Flavia looked at him. He was, after all, *not* old—no, not at all old. He was even, she decided, rather good-looking in a peculiar way. And after all, not everybody won international prizes in chemistry.

"Mother, I've been thinking," said Flavia. "Maybe I will major in Greek. Or music. Or nuclear physics."

The room in the westering sun filled with golden light, by which Flavia noted for the first time that Valerian Tellworthy's socks were not mates. She found she did not mind at all. ♦

Homemaker's Diary



Oiled teak and walnut

These finishes are extremely easy to maintain. Use diluted boiled linseed oil (2 parts oil to 1 part mineral spirits or varsol). Never use creamy furniture polishes.

Normally, only two or three applications of oil a year are necessary, but if wood is exposed to heat and sunlight, it will dry quickly and should be oiled about every two months.

Rub oil into wood until no residue is left when you draw your finger tip over the surface. Use a soft, lintless cloth.

If wood surface feels gritty, it is too dry. Dip very finest grade of steel wool (000) into oil and rub wood lightly with the grain only until smooth. Allow oil to remain on the surface about half an hour and then wipe clean with a soft cloth. Treat light scratches and stains the same way. Watermarks usually disappear when rubbed with oil. If not, treat with steel wool.

As with any wood, always rub with the grain and use cheesecloth or any other soft, lintless cloth.

Lemon oil can be used occasionally between applications of the linseed mixture.

Be leather-wise

If you are buying any leather garments, be sure to save the tags that state whether they are simulated leather, or leather with a pearlized or metalized finish. All of these require special handling in dry-cleaning, and your dry-cleaner needs to know what he is working with. In some cases pearlized finishes will peel off in spots if improperly dry-cleaned.

Home-wash real leather

Genuine leather jackets without these stylized finishes may be washed at home. Scrub surface with a soft brush and saddle soap. Wipe off with cloth dipped in clear water. Wipe dry. Occa-

sionally, a jacket will need dry-cleaning. Send it only to cleaners who specialize in leather and allow a week to ten days for delivery.

Stay-away slivers

To protect fingers from slivers when using steel wool, cut a hollow rubber ball in half and stuff one of the halves with the steel wool.

Two-in-one sponge

We've discovered a handy two-layer synthetic sponge called Combo—with one layer of plastic foam, the other of cellulose sponge. The rougher plastic side is ideal for scouring off dried foods while the cellulose side absorbs and wipes up spills. The sponge sells for about forty cents at supermarkets or hardware stores.

Paper stuck to the table?

Newspaper that is stuck to a wood surface will come off easily if a few drops of oil are allowed to soak into the paper. Then rub gently with a clean cloth.

Safety from stairway tumbles

Basement steps are safer when the lowest step is painted a clearly visible white.

Buying tips for draperies

Many factors, such as sun rotting, weave, dye, weight of fabric and soil affect the life and appearance of curtains and draperies. Because of these the retail store cannot guarantee how long draperies will last nor can the dry-cleaner always determine the result of his cleaning process. To ensure satisfaction:

1. Always buy from a reputable store.
2. Ask for preshrunk fabrics.
3. Remember that vat and solution dyes are most sun-resistant.
4. Look for and keep labels of fibre content to make washing or cleaning easier later. ♦



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LEW PARKER

TWO CARDINAL RULES for successful traveling: plan ahead; don't hesitate to ask questions. Ask about train connections, sleeping and dining facilities, and make your reservations as far in advance as possible. In large stations look for an information desk. In small ones, the ticket agent can usually supply the answers. Once aboard you'll find conductors, porters and dining-car stewards ready to help.

CLOTHING: Wear comfortable, noncreasing clothes. Silk, wool and wrinkle-resistant synthetics make ideal travel fabrics, particularly in knits such as jersey. It's usually a good idea to have a coat or cardigan — although porters will adjust heat or air conditioning if you ask them. If you should have to sit up all night, you'll find soft travel slippers a boon.

OVERNIGHT TRAVEL: When the porter shows you to your accommodation, he will ask you when you want to be awakened. Instead of giving him the exact time, borrow a tip from businessmen travelers and ask him to awaken you an hour or three quarters of an hour before arrival. Then if the train is late, you'll get an extra forty winks.

If this is your first trip in a bedroom or a roomette, you will find these double-duty rooms with their battery of switches and push buttons bewildering. Ask the porter to explain them to you.

Some women manage to dress and undress in a berth. It is simpler to take your overnight case to the washroom and do most of the changing there. Pack a dressing gown (preferably a dark, tailored one) and slippers for making the trip down the aisle. If you have an upper berth, ask the porter for a ladder when you are ready to climb up. You will find a buzzer in your berth to ring for him when you want to get down again. Be sure to put your overnight things in a small case, as there is no room for a large one in a berth. The latter has to be given to the porter to store elsewhere, or it can be checked through on your ticket before you board the train. All luggage should, of course, carry an identification tag.

If you want to change your accommodation after you board the train, speak to the conductor. If you have to sit up in the coach of a train that has a Pullman, you can rent a pillow.

TRAVELING WITH CHILDREN: Before you buy your tickets, ask if there are special family rates. Many trains have special menus for children and you can give the porter or dining-room waiter the baby's bottle to heat, or the formula to make up.

FOOD AND DRINK: Besides a dining car on long runs where you can order a complete meal or à la carte, top trains such as The Dominion and The Canadian, also have less expensive coffee-shop cars. Most other trains have club cars where first-class passengers can order breakfast or get a snack. Some serve liquor. Waiters are requested not to take verbal orders. You write out your order on the forms supplied. If you wish, you can have food served in your room. As in hotels, there is an extra charge for this service. Drinks (sometimes hard liquor) and cigarettes can be obtained from the parlor-car porter. In the coach there is usually a news agent to supply food, soft drinks, cigarettes and reading material.

SPECIAL SERVICES: If you expect to be traveling with a sick or disabled person, say so when you buy your tickets. Then the stationmaster's office will arrange for a wheel chair or stretcher when you arrive at the station. There is no charge, you merely tip the redcap who looks after it.

Once aboard, the conductor will look up timeables, tell you whether or not you have to change stations to make connections, and the amount of time you have in which to do it. Sometimes, when a train is late, the conductor can arrange to have the connecting train held—if you ask him well in advance. CPR and CNR conductors will also wire ahead for reservations at CP and CN hotels, although it is best to make hotel reservations for your trip in advance.

If you want to send a personal telegram, the porter or conductor will see that it is dispatched at the first stop. In the parlor car you can usually get magazines, cards, and writing paper. In parlor cars, rooms, and some coaches, tables can be set up at which to write, play cards, or entertain the children. The porter arranges that, too.

TIPPING: Give the dining-room waiter about fifteen percent of the bill; the pullman porter about fifty cents—more if you have expensive accommodations, or if he has been of special service. When traveling by day, give the porter twenty-five to fifty cents, or about fifteen cents for handling each piece of luggage. Ever wondered when you give a redcap your bags if you will ever see him again? It seldom happens that he doesn't turn up, but just in case, make a mental note of the number on his cap. Give him about twenty-five cents per bag. In most of the larger American centres—New York for example—thirty-five cents per bag is now a set charge, and an extra tip on top of that is optional.—VIVIAN WILCOX

BEATS EVERYTHING FOR CONVENIENCE

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Umbrellas

WHAT THE QUEEN'S JOB SHOULD BE

Continued from page 19

downfall of many monarchies.

The results were as startling as they were unexpected. Extracts from my article — though not always those which I would have judged the most important—were quoted and discussed in every part of the world, and I found myself at the centre of a truly formidable controversy. It was as if a log jam had suddenly been broken.

Naturally I felt obliged to defend myself against the false charges and misrepresentation which abounded, but I made a rule that I would confine my remarks, so far as possible, to Commonwealth newspapers and broadcasting networks. I was prepared to answer questions from outside sources, aimed at clarifying my attitude, but I was and remain convinced that controversy about the Monarchy should be kept within the Commonwealth, whose members acknowledge the Queen as the head of their association. Thus I refused numerous offers, which to a publicist might have seemed tempting, to appear on TV in the United States and to write for American newspapers at the time of the Queen's visit in October 1957. I take no credit for this abstinence, because I should have despised myself had I done otherwise; but I feel justified in mentioning it in view of the misunderstanding which still prevails in some quarters, and of which Mr. Harold Weir is a good example.

How is one to account for all the

excitement which my article provoked? I think there are two explanations. First, the Monarchy is an institution which, even in an age of H-bombs and moon rockets, continues to fascinate the human race—the scale of the agitation was a tremendous implied compliment to the Monarchy. But secondly, it showed that the existing state of the institution left quite a lot to be desired, and that there were fundamental differences of opinion which urgently needed to be expressed—differences not between republicans and monarchists, but rather among monarchists themselves.

It is of some significance to record that of the two-thousand-odd letters which I received at that time only a very small fraction came from people of republican views; the bulk of them came from convinced monarchists, and a substantial majority from people who shared my feeling that reforms were long overdue and precious opportunities were being missed.

"Why they denounced me"

The reactions of the press were mixed, and the tendency at first was to denounce me editorially in unmeasured terms, while making full use of my argument, or selected parts of it, for the purposes of news. It might be fair to surmise that many editors and proprietors, who did not necessarily disagree with me in their heart of hearts, were afraid to give me their official support, because they underestimated the common sense of their readers: they were the victims of their own ballyhoo.

But there was also much genuine

All about Altrincham



LORD ALTRINCHAM, at thirty-five editor of the "Radical Tory" monthly The National and English Review, is a man with strong views, not only about Monarchy's role but on his own kind—the hereditary peer. Twice an unsuccessful Conservative candidate before he inherited the title from his father, Altrincham has since refused to take his seat in the House of Lords because he "dissents from the principle of hereditary membership of Parliament." Educated at Eton and New College, Oxford (where he took an Honors Degree in Modern History), he served in the Grenadier Guards from 1943 to 1945. He published his first book — Two Anglican Essays — last spring, was married in December.

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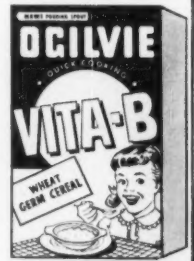
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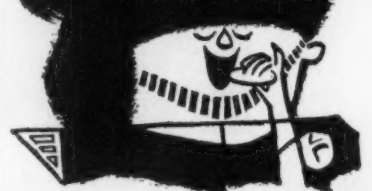
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opposition from loyalists of the old-fashioned kind, who could not distinguish between criticism of the Monarch and an attack on the Monarchy.

One favorite cry was that the Queen should not be criticized, because she could not answer back — a limitation which is purely conventional, not imposed by law, and on any rational view greatly to her advantage. Hard-pressed democratic ministers have to answer for their actions, but the Queen is spared this inconvenience. It is quite right that she should be so privileged, but it certainly does not follow that she should be immune from criticism.

Myth of royal "life sentence"

In a free society there must be no restraint upon the legitimate (*i.e.* non-defamatory) exercise of free speech, and it is essential that all—even the highest—who seek to serve the public, at the public's expense, should be open to public scrutiny and comment. The Queen need not answer back, but she is well advised to heed what is said, and either ignore it (if it seems be-

neath her notice) or act upon it (which she may do without acknowledgment).

Another popular myth is that the Queen is serving a "life sentence," and so must be treated with excessive gentleness. This is an insult to her and a palpable insult to the truth. No sovereign is obliged to remain in harness for the entire duration of his or her life. Were abdication impossible, the present Queen would never have been in a position to succeed, and she is quite free to abdicate should she wish to do so. When Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands felt that she had been in the job for long enough, she had the generosity and sagacity to withdraw in favor of her daughter.

If Queen Elizabeth II enjoys the long life for which her subjects pray she may well decide, at a moment to be chosen by herself, that her own interests and those of the Commonwealth would best be served by a similar act of voluntary retirement. Meanwhile, we may be sure that she is supremely proud and happy to be in a position of boundless opportunity and moral, if not political, power. She would be quite unfit for it were she to regard it as a tedious chore,

and those who describe it as such must be totally devoid of imagination.

Of all the many millions of people who seem to have argued about my views on the Monarchy, only a very small number can have taken the trouble to find out what those views actually were. For instance, I was—and still am—almost universally supposed to have criticized the Queen's voice, whereas in fact I never mentioned her voice. Some remarks about the Queen's speeches (which were anyway only incidental to my main argument) were either misquoted, or distorted as they passed from one person to another. Anyone who had bothered to read my article would have seen that I was referring not to the Queen's vocal timbre, but to the content of her speeches, which is too often quite inappropriate to her character, and to the lack of spontaneity and naturalness in their delivery.

Sometimes words or ideas were attributed to me which bore no conceivable relation to anything which I had said or could ever have dreamed of saying. Thus Mr. John Wingate, interviewing Mr. Randolph Churchill on American television, said that I

had referred to the Queen as "dowdy and frumpish" — a statement which Mr. Churchill did not dispute. This interview was reported in the New York Herald Tribune on March 8, 1958, and I accordingly wrote both to the editor and to Mr. Wingate, politely asking them to correct what was, after all, a most damaging error. From neither did I even receive an answer, let alone an apology.

What should Monarchy be?

But it is idle to worry too much about the way one is treated by people who are, indeed, tough publicity-mongers. More worthwhile is a return to the basic question: what was the central theme of my article? What sort of Monarchy do I want to see?

I must say at once that I do not share the rather widespread opinion that the Royal set-up has recently undergone drastic changes. So far as I can see, such modifications as there have been are marginal; the basic flaws have yet to be tackled.

The nub of my argument was that the Monarchy at mid-twentieth century must become "classless and



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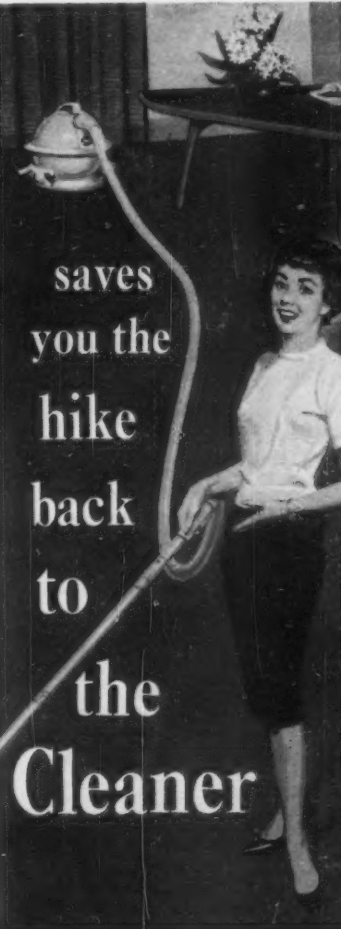
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Chatelaine — February 1959

Commonwealth" in character. At present the Royal routine and entourage are out of date even by nineteenth-century standards — fantastically out of date by contemporary standards. Nor is there any merit in a monarchy that is behind the times. A modern monarchy must *lead*, not in the narrowly political sense, but in the social and representational sense. It must appeal to the up-and-coming, dynamic elements in society (as it did, incidentally, during the first Elizabethan age), and it must not be afraid to ruffle, even to outrage, the stick-in-the-muds.

The tendency of the Monarchy today is to base its support upon the older, more conservative elements, rather than to cultivate the enthusiasm of those who will decide the future of the Commonwealth. This could be a fatal mistake — but it is not too late to alter course and move in the right direction.

Where should home be?

The question where the Queen is to reside is fundamental. The current doctrine is that she must be rooted in the United Kingdom, as her ancestors have been. Her "visits" (an un-

fortunate word) to other parts of the Commonwealth may be more frequent than in the past, but they are to retain the appearance of hurried tours — almost, as it were, of "slumming" expeditions—and she will continue to function primarily as Head of State in the United Kingdom.

This is a catastrophic doctrine, based on false emotion and faulty reasoning. The paramount office the Queen now holds is that of Head of the Commonwealth, and her activities as a purely national sovereign—in the United Kingdom, Canada, or anywhere else—must be treated as secondary.

As Head of the Commonwealth her functions are new and unprecedented and they have revolutionary possibilities. In particular, she may help to break down the sense of racial bitterness and separatism now threatening the world, but to do so she must decide to live on a Commonwealth scale and work out her program in relation to the needs of the Commonwealth as a whole. For the present Queen, who has to take the initiative, and who has unfortunately been brought up as the member of a single class in one country of the Commonwealth, the task will not be easy: it will involve a hard,

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and at first a painful, wrench. But the reward will be immeasurable: future generations, including her own posterity, will reap the benefit of her vision and courage.

Her visits this year to Canada and Ghana might appear to be welcome gestures, and so in a sense they are. It is certainly good that she has decided to extend her time in Canada, beyond the few days needed for opening the St. Lawrence Seaway, but she will still be in her North American realm more as an itinerant outsider than as someone who really belongs. To be at home in a country one must have a home in it, and have lived in it as people live when they are at home.

It is said that, if the Queen were to change her habits of residence, it would be impossible for her to preserve a civilized family life. But in fact, if she were to live—that is to say reside—on a Commonwealth scale, her family life would suffer less than it does at present. A Royal "tour" is indeed a menace to family stability, but if the Queen were to spend longish periods of time in Canada, India and other parts of the Commonwealth, she would be able to create in these different places a domestic atmosphere, which is now confined to Buckingham Palace, Sandringham, Balmoral and Windsor (Berkshire, not Ontario!). Her children would be able to spend their holidays with her, wherever they might be going to school, because air travel has eliminated the problem of distance; and they would thus grow up as true citizens of the Commonwealth, literally at home in every continent.

Who advises the Queen?

Her personal staff should also, of course, reflect the new emphasis in her work and mission. Strange to say, it is still composed almost exclusively of members of the British land-owning class, whose normal habits of mind have long been irrelevant even to the needs of a democratic and industrialized Britain, and are obviously quite unequal to the demands of a multi-racial Commonwealth.

One must always allow for individual exceptions, but on the whole the calibre of courtiers is deplorably low; at best, they are efficient but second-rate bureaucrats, with a mistaken idea of Royal priorities; at worst, they are caricatures, like Polonius, Osric or Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Continued on page 90



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Continued from page 89

Nor can it be said that the temporary appointment of a single Canadian, Mr. Esmond Butler, to the Buckingham Palace Press Office, has made any significant difference. He has personally earned good opinions, but the reform which is needed cannot be made piecemeal. A radical change should be undertaken, like that whereby the late Pope Pius XII at one stroke abolished the time-honored Italian majority in the College of Cardinals.

It is no less vital that the Monarchy should set itself, once and for all, above class. Here, too, the composition of the Court is lamentably inadequate. The Queen has, among her personal advisers, no one whose origins were in the working class, no one with trade-union experience, no one whose political bias is toward the Left.

The remedy lies in her own hands: she is free to hire and fire whom she will.

Danger facing the Monarchy

Another key decision is the choice of schools for Prince Charles and Princess Anne. So far, it seems that the policy will be to educate the children in English private schools maintained as temples of a still-potent social Brahminism. If this policy is persisted in—more especially if Prince Charles is sent to Eton or to some such English "public" school—the Monarchy will be doomed to a further generation of social restrictedness, which is almost as much as to say that it will be doomed, period.

Snobbishness is not, any more than racialism, an incurable disease in the human heart. These diseases must and will be cured, and the Monarchy can help to cure them. But it might also be killed by them if it neglects the precept: "Physician, heal thyself."

There is much else that could be said on this absorbing subject. But I have tried to concentrate upon the points which really matter, and to avoid being sidetracked into trivialities.

The Monarchy of the future must not lose the romantic glow, which is one of its peculiar and indispensable qualities; but there is much that it will have to shed, and much that it will have to acquire, if it is to become a leader, rather than a pampered and incongruous passenger, in the new age. ♦

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COLDS

—inevitable or avoidable?

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD,
Director Child Health Clinic

How and why do we catch colds? Can anything be done to minimize or prevent them? Despite great difficulties in research, we have at least partial answers to some questions that bother us about colds:

Does chilling make you more susceptible? The evidence is contradictory. In a study in London, England, they found that inadequately clad youngsters did come down with more colds, as did youngsters living in the most crowded quarters. Another Englishman showed that for every drop of one degree in outside temperature, the number of colds increased one percent.

However, chilling adults by exposing them in shorts in cool damp rooms immediately before or after dropping the cold virus in their noses did not increase the number of colds, with the exception that women were far more likely to develop a cold in the middle third of their menstrual cycle (from nine to eighteen days after the beginning of their last period) if they were chilled.

Why do some colds persist or become worse? When a cold persists beyond the usual two or three days and the thin nasal discharge becomes thick and yellow, that means bac-

teria are causing trouble in the weakened lining of the nose and throat. These bacteria may have been in the nose, but are often picked up from others. Keeping a sniffling child in the house not only reduces his chances of picking up such "foreign" germs, but will also keep him from spreading his cold. These secondary invaders may cause the infection to spread farther down or into the child's ears, especially if the cold is treated too casually.

How should you protect your baby from colds? Babies, especially young ones, can't fight colds as well as older children. Don't let anyone with a cold, sore throat, flu, laryngitis, bronchitis or a sinus infection near your baby, even outdoors. If you can keep them out of your house, so much the better, because the cold virus can float around in the air.

If you get a cold, let someone else look after your baby if possible. Don't stop breast feeding, but wash your hands often and always after you blow your nose. I recommend wearing a mask — about five inches square and made of one layer of flannelette — to cover nose and mouth, with a little tuck on each side to make it fit better, and tapes at the corners to tie behind



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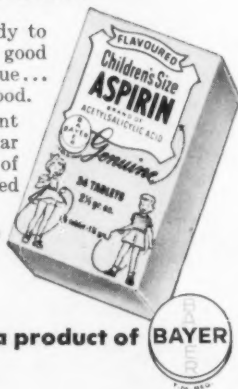


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your head. Touch only the tapes, as the front will be heavily contaminated. With three of these masks, you'll wear any one only half a day or so, boiling the one you take off for a few minutes.

How do you treat your child's colds? If your child is young enough or old enough to stay in bed peacefully, keep him there for at least the first day, even though he has no fever. With a preschooler, who doesn't feel or look sick and who won't stay in bed, dress him and let him up. Keep the house a little warmer than usual, because chilling is apt to make the cold worse. Keep the preschooler as quiet as you can with stories, TV, etc. A baby with a cold shouldn't be put in his playpen or on the floor as there are more drafts there.

Watch for any change in the youngster's condition — if he looks sick or has a fever, pulls at his ear or complains of earache, if he develops hoarseness or cough or hard or fast breathing, or if you are worried about him in any way, call up your doctor. The antibiotics or sulpha drugs do not combat pure colds but they are very effective in overcoming the secondary invaders and for streptococcal sore throats.

Give your baby or small child sponge baths to avoid chilling after a tub bath. Don't put him outside to sleep, and leave his window closed at night. Use enough covers to keep him comfortably warm, but not too hot. He will probably sleep a little more than usual.

Give him as much fluid as he will take, especially orange juice or vitaminized apple juice; the Vitamin C in them is probably helpful. At mealtime, let him eat as much as he wants, but don't urge him to take more.

Acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) is helpful in feverish colds but babies and young children require very small doses. Never call the aspirins "candy" — your child may some day help himself to a poisonous dose. It is best to consult your doctor before giving aspirin or any other headache or cold tablets to children.

If a baby's nose is blocked so that he can't breathe, it interferes with his sleep and his nursing. If your physician prescribes watery nose drops, don't use them more often or longer than he recommends. The same applies to the inhalers that older children can use. These drops and inhalers may decrease the likelihood of middle-ear infection.

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How soon can a baby or small child go outside? Wait until all signs of his cold are gone — especially during the colder half of the year. On a windy day I'd still keep him in. On a reasonably nice day, let him out for say half an hour. If all goes well, he can go out as usual the next day, unless it is unfavorable.

Do children get fewer colds as they get older? The comforting fact is that they do. When you have both preschool and school children in your family, the cold situation is usually at its worst — and the preschool children will have them most frequently. The school children generally bring the colds home and pass them around very effectively. As the children get on in school the number of colds per year declines.

How about tonsils and adenoids? If your physician recommends a tonsillectomy, by all means have it done. It's usually done because a youngster has had a series of bad colds complicated with tonsillitis, swollen neck glands or ear infections.

How useful are cold drugs or vaccines? Numerous types of antihistamines, and medicines containing quinine, iodides, antiseptics or flavonoids have been tried as cold preventives without success. Cold vaccines are not much thought of either.

Do you develop immunity after a cold? Some investigators say you develop none. Others say you do — for perhaps two to four weeks. This makes the prospect of an effective vaccine unlikely. If a natural cold won't immunize you effectively, the chances of a vaccine doing so are practically nil.

Can you reduce winter colds? Keeping your home at a reasonable temperature, about 68 degrees, and using a humidifying device, will help maintain the lining of nose and throat in such a healthy state that it often can prevent the cold virus from causing trouble.

How long are colds infectious? Certainly for twenty-four hours before you develop any signs of a cold, you can pass it on. Consequently it's best never to kiss your youngsters on the mouth. As long as your nose is running, which lasts several days, your cold is infectious. Teaching your youngsters from an early age to blow their noses and to cover sneezes and coughs with disposable tissues is certainly worthwhile. ♦



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There he is, all warm and cuddly and so lovable. There isn't anything you wouldn't do to protect him...to keep him always comfortable. That's why you'll consider nothing but the finest when it comes to caring for his tender skin. And that's why you'll choose Baby's Own.



Baby's Own Soap—the essence of purity. Made expressly for your baby's delicate skin. Contains soothing Lanolin for extra gentleness.

Baby's Own Oil—so bland, so pure. Protects against burning chemical action of continuous wetting. Helps heal diaper rash. Contains soothing Lanolin.



Baby's Own Powder—protects tender skin against irritation. Keeps baby sweet from change to change. New ingredient helps prevent ammonia diaper rash.

Baby's Own
SOAP • OIL • POWDER

Mary's DULL
MENSTRUAL PAIN
Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues."

Mary's SHARP
WITH MIDOL

Let **SANI-FLUSH**
clean your toilet bowl
... twice a week!



Easiest way ever to keep your toilet bowl immaculate

Fragrant Sani-Flush cleans, disinfects, deodorizes...removes rust stains, makes toilet bowls sparkle. Powder or liquid.



Disinfects as it cleans



HOW TO BUY A SWEATER

Continued from page 14

Up-to-date care means cold-water washing for wool and machine-washing for some man-made fibres

Botany pullover (right) in marigold, green, ruby or blue with white stripes. By Lansea. Sizes 36-40. About \$10.95.



What is Ban-Lon? Ban-Lon is a texturizing process that can be applied to natural or synthetic fibres. All Canadian Ban-Lon sweaters are at present made of nylon. An invisible crimping — much like a permanent wave — provides elasticity, resiliency and body. Comparatively smooth and close-knit, it is also sturdy. However, care must be taken to prevent snagging on rough surfaces. Classics of fine 27-gauge are the newest development in Ban-Lon sweaters and of course, there are many dressmaker styles. Some have lacy knit-in detail. Some have dyed-to-match skirts with knitted-in pleats. Some are fringed. Some have sailor collars.

What is Tycora? Tycora is another name for a texturizing process applied to fibres used in making sweaters and the above instructions on care apply.

What is "high bulk" Orlon? Orlon sweaters are a popular choice for their good performance and their resemblance to cashmere. The "high bulk" refers to a process in the manufacture of the fibre, producing greater softness and resiliency. The fibre will take dyes of intense depth and is practically impervious to fading. Some manufacturers guarantee machine-washability—but if not guaranteed, wash by hand. Like wool, Orlon has a tendency to pill from rubbing. Exceptionally inexpensive Orlon sweaters are often made from reprocessed fibres. Naturally, they won't give the same service as new Orlon. Bulkies in Orlon are favorites this season—the familiar hip-length cardigans and newer waist-length ones. You can buy printed Orlon sweaters, and sweaters with knitted slim jims and skirts to match, lined with Terylene fabric.

What about Bon-Ora? Bon-Ora is a combination of high bulk Orlon and texturizing nylon. Its outstanding quality is its shape retention which makes it machine-washable. This spring you

can get Bon-Ora sweaters and skirts in both matching shades and heather blends.

WHAT ARE THE IMPORTANT WOOLS?

Cashmere—the silky underhair of the goat (originally Cashmere goats)—is still a queen among wools. Its assets are its very soft, fine appearance, its luxurious feel. Some cashmere sweaters have intarsia detail—i.e., decorative motifs, knitted-in in contrasting or blending shades. Of course, they should all be washed carefully by hand.

The Shetland revival—Shetland wool, strictly speaking, is the rather coarse, loosely woven hair of Shetland sheep which roam the remote northern isles of Scotland. Today, Shetland sweaters are also made from other fibres, knit and finished to look much the same. Long, easy-fitting Shetland pullovers and cardigans make attractive partners to pleated skirts for school or to slacks for sports.

Botany—is high-quality wool from the aristocrats of sheep—merinos. Always popular in classic, sweater-plus-cardigan sets, bulky knits for skiing, tennis.

Lambs wool—the first clipping of sheep—is carded rather than spun. It has excellent elasticity, a very soft touch and appearance. Lambs wool lends itself well to blending with synthetics and fur fibres.

Mohair—the hair of the Angora goat—is the current rage in luxury sweaters as in coats and suits. It is soft and light, sometimes blended with nylon for extra strength. Mohair sweaters usually have a loosely knit, looped texture.

The blends—You will find many sweaters made from a blend of wool and synthetic fibres, or wool with fur hairs or Angora — sometimes a combination of all three. If percents

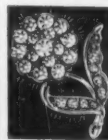
are not given, you can usually take it for granted that the fibre mentioned first on the tag or label of a Canadian sweater is the predominant one and the sweater should be handled as if it were all of that fibre, e.g., a wool-fur-and-nylon sweater should be washed as if it were all wool.

What can you expect from mothproofing, shrinkproofing? A guaranteed mothproofing process will protect your sweaters for life from nibbling by moths. Be sure the sweater bears a mothproof tag or label. A shrink-control label or tag accompanying your wool sweater means that a deterrent to matting and felting (the principal causes of shrinkage) has been used. However, a badly handled wool sweater may still shrink, so always wash it carefully and according to the instructions on the tag.

Cut and sewn or full-fashioned? Full-fashioned sweaters are more expensive but they also give the best fit. Back, front and sleeves are knitted separately on machines that shape each part by increasing or decreasing the number of stitches. They can be recognized by the little hosiery-like fashion marks at the seams. Also in fashioned sweaters the stitches turn and run parallel to the seam. Back, front and sleeves of cut- and -sewn sweaters are joined on the bias, and some have mock fashioning embroidery.

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Toronto.

ered on. Since the cut-and-sew method allows for considerable variation in quality, you should be sure the manufacturer's scissors always followed the straight course of both the lengthwise ribs and the crosswise rows of stitches. A well-cut front opening, for example, follows one lengthwise rib of the sweater. Unless cutting is precise, the sweater will sag and stretch.

Another point to remember; if you sometimes turn up the cuffs of your sweaters, see that the seams are flat on both sides.



Tycora sweater buttons down the back. Green, pink, beige, blue, white. L'Anice. Sizes 14-20. About \$9.95.

HOW TO WASH YOUR SWEATERS

Synthetics—Be sure trimmings and ribbons are washable (remove if they aren't), fasten buttons, turn inside out. If the sweater is tagged machine-washable, shorten the spinning cycle. If washing by hand, squeeze gently in sudsy lukewarm water (mild soap flakes or a gentle detergent—study instructions). Rinse thoroughly, roll into a towel to remove excess moisture. Spread flat and pat into shape—no blocking is needed. Allow to dry naturally. If pressing is required, press on the wrong side with a steam iron or use a barely warm iron over a damp cloth, and follow with a gentle shaking.

Woolens—need extra care and pampering. Hand-wash with a gentle knead-and-squeeze action, using special cold-water detergents in water below 100 degrees. If using mild soap or flakes, use the coolest water in which it dissolves.

Rinse well in several lots of clear, cool water, roll into a towel to press out excess moisture and block on a sweater stretcher. Or lay flat on a dry towel, patting into shape—you could tack it loosely to the towel with

thread. Shake hard when dry. Lightly steam-press if desired.

PROLONG THE LIFE OF YOUR SWEATERS

Always read the tags and descriptive folders attached to sweaters. Note particularly the washing instructions.

Wash sweaters regularly. Even faint perspiration and soil imbed themselves quickly, destroying color and texture.

Wash each sweater alone—not with other sweaters or garments. It's safer to wash by hand and allow to dry at room temperature unless labelled machine-washable.

Dry cleaning isn't necessary or economical unless the tag recommends this.

Always wear dress shields, whatever type of sweater you are wearing. If knitted garments irritate your back, use the bolero-type dress shields with fabric backs.

When storing knits, always wash them first, fold in tissue paper or in plastic sweater bags. Woolens should be stored with moth-deterrents unless they have been tagged as already mothproofed—and they should be checked every few months to see that they are in good condition. ♦

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—Ray Webber (14, 32, 36, 94, 95), Laddie Ponich Studios (1), Alex Dellow (2, 21), Robert C. Ragsdale (3, 20), John Sebert (12, 24, 25, 35, 38, 42), Miller Services (19, 91), Canadian Broadcasting System (20), Ken Bell (20), Walt Disney Productions (20) **WBEN-TV** (20), Herb Nott (20), Paul Rockett (26, 27, 28), Peter Croydon (47, 60).

ARTWORK—Anne Buckley (2), William Winter (12), Ken Dallison (22, 23), Aileen Richardson (29, 30, 31, 62), Harold Town (74), Lew Parker (84).

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Here are the lucky winners of Chatelaine's FAMOUS BRANDS CONTEST

published on Page 123 of the October issue.

Thousands upon thousands of entries were received for this contest. Judging commenced on December 8, 1958 and ended on December 30!

By unanimous decision, the judges awarded prizes as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE: G.E. Upright Freezer Model HU-11p

Mrs. Lyle Munro, Box 355, Carstairs, Alta.

SECOND PRIZE: G.E. Filter-Flo Washer and Automatic Dryer

Mrs. Donald G. Smith, RR1, Ravenshoe, Ont.

THIRD PRIZE: G.E. Mobile-Maid Automatic Dishwasher

Mrs. Lina Williamson, Box 46, Beaverton, Ont.

SIX PRIZES of Bulova 'Canadian Girl' Bracelet Watches

- (1) Mrs. Earle Fennell, R.R. 1, Huntington, P.Q.
- (2) Mrs. Martin Gordon, 10967—72nd Avenue, Edmonton, Alta.
- (3) Mrs. P. Klein, 7851 Birnam Street, Montreal 15, P.Q.
- (4) Mrs. Roy C. Murray, Shediak Cape, Westmoreland Co., N.B.
- (5) Mrs. Gerald Ogilvie, 22 Hollywood Drive, Moncton, N.B.
- (6) Mrs. John Rideout, 2332 Parent Avenue, Windsor, Ont.

SEVEN PRIZES of G.E. Deluxe Coffee Makers:

- (1) Mrs. Clara Cowdy, 88 Campbell Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
- (2) Mrs. Robert Ferris, 10 Logans Avenue, Parry Sound, Ont.
- (3) Mrs. Marian Fyfe, 45 Admiral Road, Brantford, Ont.
- (4) Miss Carol Hamilton, Westville, N.S.
- (5) Mrs. John L. Lockhart, R.R. 1, Box 5, Westview, B.C.
- (6) Mr. John Serguw, Malden Ridge, Sask.
- (7) Mrs. Lloyd Stoneman, 50 Miller Street, Parry Sound, Ont.

SEVEN PRIZES of G.E. Automatic Toasters:

- (1) Mrs. Elvin Dexter, 263 Agricola St., Halifax, N.S.
- (2) Mrs. J. Egglestone, Box 75, Midway, B.C.
- (3) Mrs. Monica Forcier, 745 Main St., Buckingham, P.Q.
- (4) Mrs. Joan Jakubiec, 207 Stanley Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.
- (5) Mrs. Helen Kucy, Box 119, St. Michael, Alta.
- (6) Mrs. Barbara C. Scott, 209 Manse Road, West Hill, Ont.
- (7) Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Lewins Cove, Burin, Nfld.

SEVEN PRIZES of G.E. Large Round Automatic Fry Pans

- (1) Mrs. B. Atkin, 55 Brucewood Cres., Toronto 19, Ont.
- (2) Mrs. C. Bush, 283 Sanford Avenue, St. Lambert, P.Q.
- (3) Mr. Vaughan Caines, 7 Humber Park, Corner Brook, Nfld.
- (4) Mrs. T. Chambers, 334 9th Avenue, Richelieu, P.Q.
- (5) Mrs. Israel Osmond, Mouse Island, Port-aux-Basques, Box 86, Nfld.
- (6) Mrs. Leonard Shepherd, R.R. 6, Milton, Ont.
- (7) Mrs. C. R. Stringer, 425 East 15th St., Hamilton, Ont.

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES of G.E. Electric Kitchen Clocks:

- (1) Mrs. H. S. Banton, 737 Desmarchais Blvd., Verdun, P.Q.
- (2) Mrs. Wm. Birmingham, R.R. 2, Waterloo, Ont.
- (3) Mrs. B. E. Bridges, Box 83, 25 Southway Dr., Bowmanville, Ont.
- (4) Mrs. C. J. Calhoun, 160 Church St., Weston, Ont.
- (5) Mrs. S. J. Cicon, Range Exp. Farm, Many Berries, Alta.
- (6) Mrs. F. J. Ellison, Drumheller, Alta.
- (7) Mrs. R. J. Fenton, 2 Fruitland, Ont.
- (8) Mrs. C. E. Fines, 1408 Westminster Hwy., Richmond, B.C.
- (9) Mrs. W. Hodge, P.O. Box 720, Griesbach Barracks, Alta.
- (10) Miss Audrey R. Joseph, 114 Victoria Rd., Apt. 1, Halifax, N.S.
- (11) Mrs. J. A. Lane, 931 Forshaw Road, Victoria, B.C.
- (12) Mrs. Marcelle Levesque, 3438 Hogan Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.
- (13) Mrs. Doris Martel, 2233 Royal Blvd., Shawinigan, P.Q.
- (14) Mrs. Gladys M. McMorris, Box 150, Drayton Valley, Alta.
- (15) Mrs. Marjorie Murray, 690 Atlantic Avenue, Winnipeg 4, Man.
- (16) Mrs. Robert Nokes, P.O. Box 91, Markham, Ont.
- (17) Mrs. Margaret Peters, Box 5, Claremont P.O., Ont.
- (18) Mrs. Helen Phillips, R.R. 4, Thamesford, Ont.
- (19) Mrs. Mary Rogers, 1385 Ouimet, Apt. 18, St. Laurent, P.Q.
- (20) Mrs. Tena M. Salmund, R.R. 1, Kamloops, B.C.
- (21) Mrs. S. A. Swenson, 262 Lancaster Avenue, Lancaster, N.B.
- (22) Mrs. Joy Tarling, R.R. 1, Courtenay, B.C.
- (23) Mrs. A. Teskey, 211 Danforth Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
- (24) Mrs. D. F. Tuline, 136 Hillcrest Drive, Whitby, Ont.
- (25) Mrs. Wm. Vanalderwegen, 12629 Stony Plain Road #7, Edmonton, Alta.

All winners were notified by mail and telegram on January 6.

Arrangements have been made for the official presentation of prizes to the fifty-five lucky readers whose entries were the first correct ones to be drawn by the judges.

The judges were:—

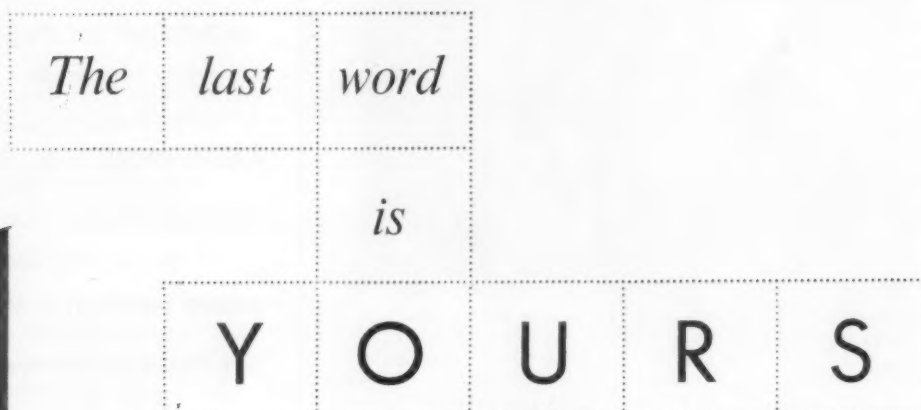
Miss Corinne Trerice, Director of Nutrition, Bakery Foods Foundation of Canada.

Miss Elaine Collett, Director, Chatelaine Institute.

Mr. F. Maurice Shore, Editor and Manager, Canadian Grocer.

Their decision is final and in accordance with the contest rules, no correspondence can be entered into.

Chatelaine sends its congratulations to the lucky winners. To those who were not fortunate this time, we say, "Better luck next time — there'll be another Famous Trademark contest before very long!"



Cold hearts and Canadians

Having just read Ellen McKay Trimmer's article, Are Canadians Coldhearted? (December), I say, "No." Today we have a greater mixture of nationalities. What means one thing to one has another meaning for the other. Therefore we must be careful to avoid a wrong interpretation or impression. We are living in a changing atmosphere and so we must change with it . . . No, Canadians are not cold and stiff. We are feeling our new way through life's maze.

Marjorie Copeland, Norwood, Man.

Yes! Often I've wondered if I really was truly happy being born Manitoba Canadian. Too often our press here is nasty in handing out cross remarks re our separate schools.

Mrs. P. Lavoie, Norwood Grove, Man.

Has this writer not been impressed at all by the generosity, unselfish devotion, untiring courage shown at Springhill?

Mrs. M. MacLean, Stellarton, N.S.

I was born and raised in the U. S. A., spent five years as an Anglican priest's wife in Alberta, then returned to the States last July. Canadians were as generous as I could ever hope to find my fellow Americans, despite their reserve. The doctor who delivered our baby in Alberta was just as generous as Mrs. Trimmer's American doctor.

Mrs. Marie L. Webner, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Ashland, Wisconsin.

Your article made me so mad . . .

Madge Leake, Harriston, Ont.

Hit Parade was sponsored

Commenting on CBC variety in December Robert Fulford states that the CBC brought Cross-Canada Hit Parade back again without even a sponsor. This is entirely untrue . . . the sponsor is our client Philips Industries Limited, Philishave Division, and commenced with the first show on October 13.

J. K. McEwan, Vice-President,

Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan (Canada) Ltd. Advertising, Toronto.

I read with interest Robert Fulford's article on CBC variety on TV (December). I agree with him one hundred percent and I also

throw in Here's Duffy, Country Hoedown, Music Makers '59, Billy O'Connor's Saturday Date, Perry Como, Ed Sullivan, Dinah Shore. They are all the same—senseless, shameful, disgusting and untalented.

Mrs. Lawrence Thompson, Springfield, N.B.

I'd like to disagree wholeheartedly on the Jack Duffy Show. He is most repulsive, he can't sing, his actions and jokes are sickening.

Mrs. J. Thomson, Orangeville, Ont.

Where was the Child?

Re: the article on Christmas cards in December: I was thoroughly disappointed (and I'm sure that the Christ Child was, too) to see that only one out of ten thought enough of Christmas that they would send cards in honor of Christ's birthday.

Mrs. L. Nagy, Regina.

The scandal of our prisons

We regret that the Saskatchewan Women's Jail has been presented in such adverse light (November) when many programs which can improve the situation, that are suggested or implied in the article, are already an established part of our Saskatchewan program . . .

The jail is in a brick structure erected thirty-six years ago. It is in excellent repair and bright with varicolored paint, attractive bedspreads and drapes, and plants. While we do not claim to have a full well-rounded rehabilitation program because low population and short sentences make this impossible, even this population is given training.

It has been part of our policy to foster an understanding of the woman prisoner and her problems by much closer contact with the community, including classes at the YWCA, church activities . . . Another point . . . we have, and are the only province who has, an in-service staff training program much of which is at university level. Every member of the staff at our women's jail has taken this three-year course, written the required examinations, and been granted a diploma . . .

J. S. White, Deputy Minister, Department of Social Welfare & Rehabilitation, Regina.

next month

The role of sex in happy marriage

Shirley Harmer in Hollywood

101 ideas for easier house cleaning



EXTRA HARD FINISH

Hold that shine
with **SIMONIZ** paste floor wax

*Kiddies have two feet, and doggies have four,
But Simoniz Paste Wax stands up on your floor—
Won't break down and smear like soft waxes do,
For the extra-hard finish stays brilliant and new!*

In every tin of Simoniz you get the rich, bright shine that only paste wax can give—a little goes a long way.

Soothe dry skin in 5 danger zones

More refreshing than a beauty nap! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream has an exclusive blend of moisturizers and lanolin that penetrates deeper, floods moisture into all five danger zones where dry skin turns to aging skin. In minutes, you'll feel roughness smoothed... dryness soothed away... lines and wrinkles softened. Try it! Imagine—only 29¢ to \$1.10.



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- * SOFTEN FROWN LINES
- * SMOOTH EYE LINES
- * SILKEN FLAKY PATCHES
- * SOOTHE EXPRESSION LINES
- * GIVE CRINKLY THROAT
A YOUNGER LOOK



WOODBURY DRY SKIN CREAM

1959

MARCH

1959

<i>SUN</i>	<i>MON</i>	<i>TUE</i>	<i>WED</i>	<i>THU</i>	<i>FRI</i>	<i>SAT</i>
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29	30	31				
			Last Quarter March 1-31	New Moon March 0	DOMINION First Quarter March 17	Full Moon March 24

1959	FEBRUARY						1959
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